

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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NO. 1.

## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*The movement of the contemporary art world—Notes on some American and European painters, with portraits and engravings of representative canvases.*

### THE DEATHS OF WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

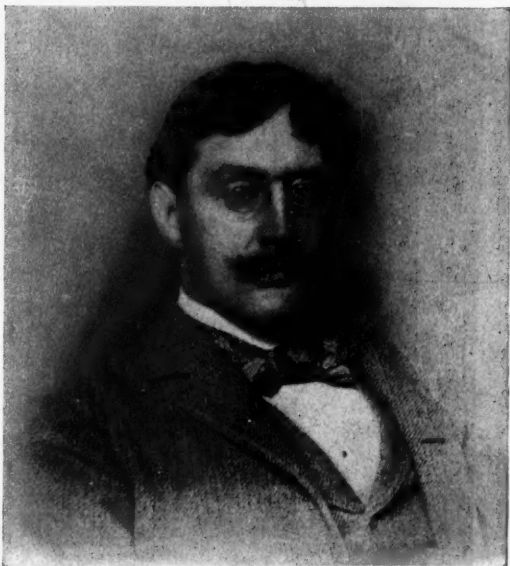
DURING the past summer death brought some serious losses to the American artistic fraternity. Most conspicuous was that of George Inness, ranked by common consent as the foremost of our landscape painters, who died in Scotland early in August. Another old Academician, also best known for his landscapes—William Hart—passed away a few weeks before at his home in Mount Vernon. A third veteran on the list was G. P. A. Healy, of Chicago, who painted the portraits of a dozen presidents of the United States; and less famous names were those of Marie Guise Newcomb—of whose spirited animal painting a brief critique appeared in MUNSEY'S for April—and some others.

Inness, Ward, and Healy represent that elder generation of American artists that is now rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The field in which they won their laurels is being occupied by a great and increasing host of younger men. The last two or three decades have been an eventful period in our artistic annals—a period of movement and of formation greater than that of a whole century before.

A BOSTON PAINTER.

EDMUND C. TARBELL, one of the lat-

est Associates of the National Academy, is also one of the soundest, most original, and most promising of our younger painters. He was born in 1862 at West



Edmund C. Tarbell, A. N. A.

Groton, Massachusetts, and at nineteen became a student at the school attached to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. A three years' course there was followed by two years devoted to the study of the old masters in Europe.

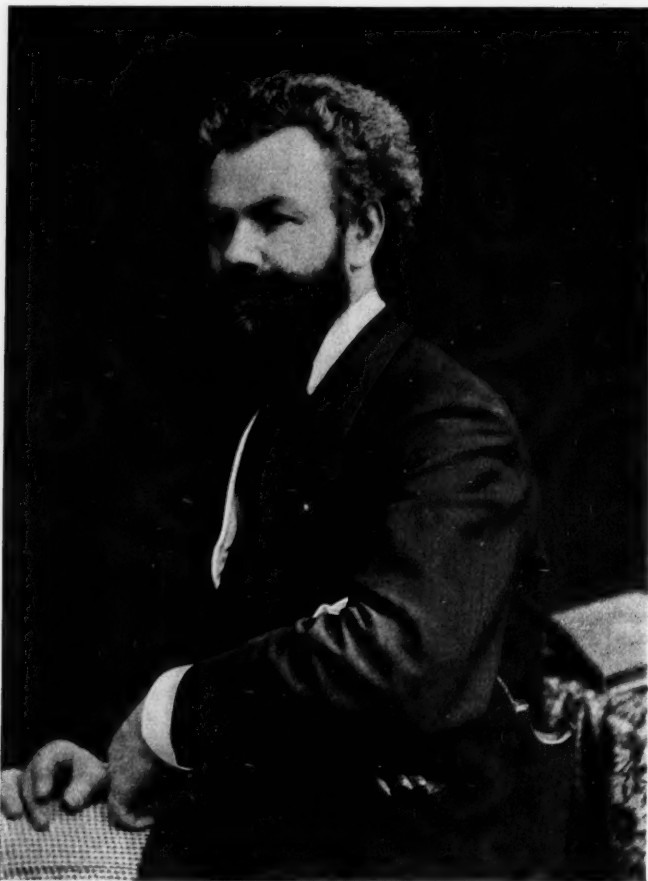
On his return to America, Mr. Tarbell sent a picture to the Society of American Artists in the spring of 1887, which brought about his election to that body.

He has been remarkably successful as a prize winner at New York exhibitions. In 1893 his "The Bath," shown at the American Artists', was purchased by the Shaw Fund; and at the Academy he won the Clarke prize in 1890 and the first Hallgarten prize last spring. He

thing that has other than merely technical qualities." We hope to see this worthy and modestly expressed ambition realized.

A HUNGARIAN MASTER.

It is not generally known that Mun-



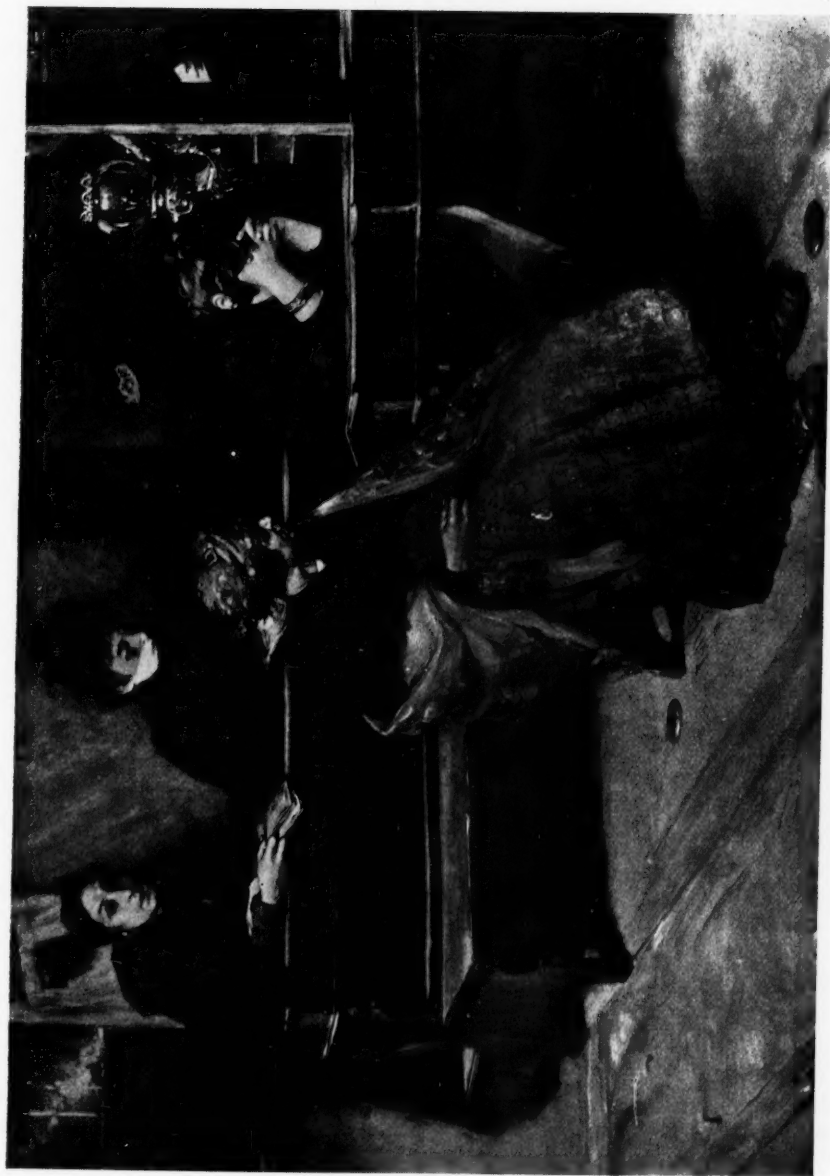
Mihaly Munkacsy.

*From a photograph by Dogron, Paris.*

also received a medal at the World's Fair, where he served as a member of the jury of selection.

Mr. Tarbell is now an instructor of painting at the Museum of Fine Arts, where he was himself a pupil not so very many years ago. "Most of my life," he says of himself, "has been spent in trying to learn to paint; but I hope some day to be able to make some-

kacsy, known to the world as the painter of "Christ before Pilate," owed his first encouragement to an American patron. In those days he was a young and struggling artist in Düsseldorf, studying under Knaus, and painting canvases that had a weird sort of original power, but little commercial value. A gentleman from Philadelphia, who was passing through Düsseldorf, convinced



"The Face Reveals the Mind."  
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Laureat.*



"The Offended Lover."

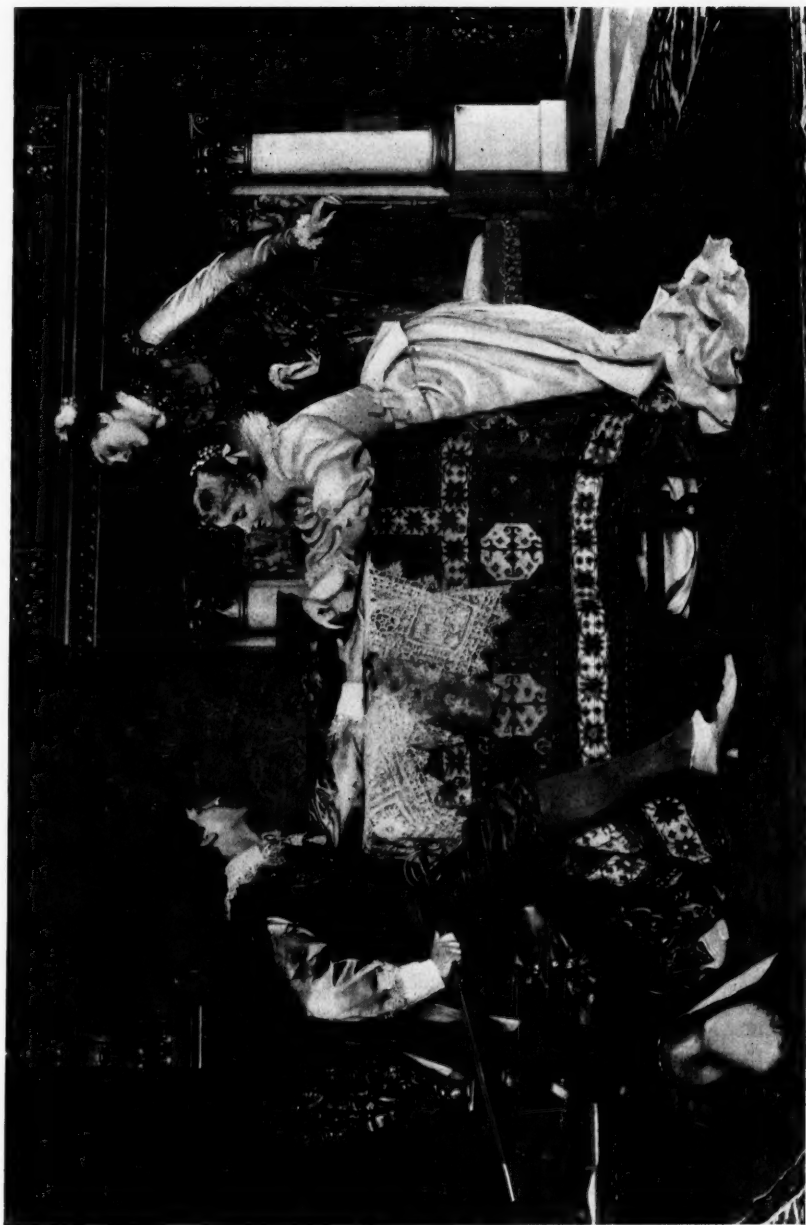
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Carl Becker.*

that the young Hungarian's pictures had merit in them, bought one, took it to Paris, and sent it to the Salon, where it was prominently placed, and attracted a great deal of attention.

"Munkacsy" is not the painter's real surname, but one adopted from the name of his birthplace—the town of Munkacs, in Hungary. His early life was full of

hardship. In infancy he was left an orphan, his father being one of the patriots whose lives were sacrificed in the fierce revolt of 1848. As a boy he was apprenticed to a furniture painter; and it was only after much effort and many wanderings that he gained his way to the higher branches of the profession of the brush.





"The Oracle of the Hand."  
*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Von Guericke.*



"The Letter."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by W. Amberg.*

Even after he made his mark at the Salon, his financial success was not great. His work, vigorous and masterly as it was, did not possess the qualities that win popularity. He was called "the Raphael of the blacks" from his somber tones and gloomy subjects, and his pictures were universally admired, but seldom purchased. Fortunately, however, he married a lady possessed of ample wealth, and since then he has been able to give full play

to his genius without thought of sordid questions of ways and means.

#### DU MAURIER AND WHISTLER.

THE war of personalities between Messrs. Du Maurier and Whistler has been one of the literary and artistic events of the year. It arose from the former's undisguised caricature of the latter in *Joe Sibley*, one of the minor characters in "Trilby," the well known cartoonist's recent and very successful



"Summer."  
Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by W. R. Soper.

novel. Joe is described as "the idle apprentice, always in debt; vain, witty, and a most exquisite and original artist; and eccentric in his attire, so that people would stare at him as he walked along—which he adored!

still the same—no stodgy old master this divinity, but a modern of the moderns! *Sibley* was the god of *Joe's* worship, and none other; and he would hear of no other genius in the world!"

To this caustic yet good tempered de-



James McNeill Whistler.

*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

"He is now," Du Maurier went on, "perched on such a topping pinnacle (of fame and notoriety combined) that people can stare at him from two hemispheres at once; and so famous as a wit that when he jokes (and he is always joking) people laugh first and then ask what it was he was joking about. And you can even make your own mild funniments raise a roar by merely pre-facing them, 'As *Joe Sibley* once said.'

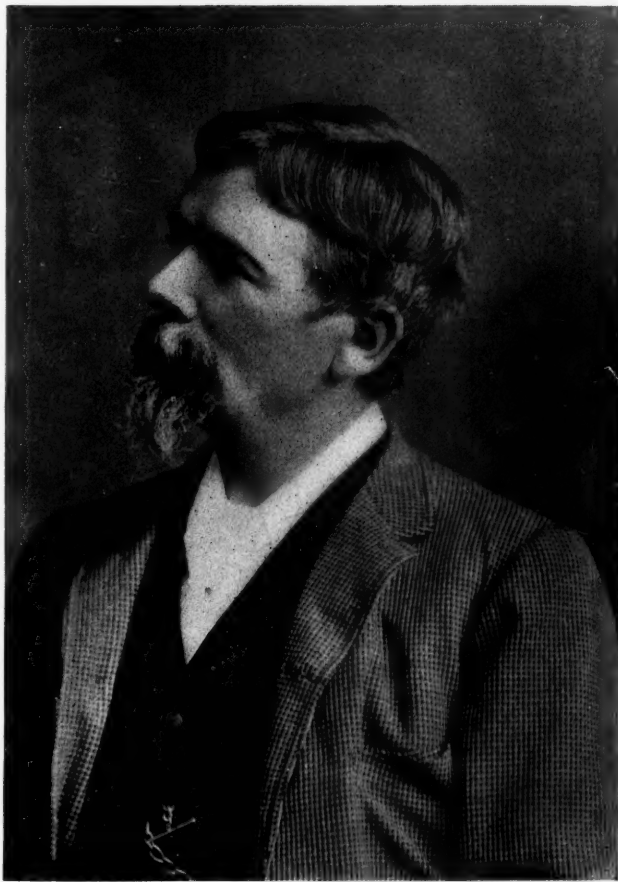
"He was a monotheist, and had but one god. He is so still, and his god is

scription—with a picture that rendered *Sibley's* intended identity still more unmistakable—Whistler replied in a published letter that was wholly bad tempered. He called Du Maurier's skit a "bomb of mendacious recollection and poisoned rancor," and branded the writer as a "foul friend." There was no direct answer from Du Maurier, though he told an interviewer that his accuser was "violent and brutal."

It seems that the cartoonist had never quite forgiven Whistler for the double

slap the American once dealt him and Oscar Wilde simultaneously. At one of Whistler's exhibitions of his own work he met Du Maurier and Wilde together. Taking each by the arm he in-

traordinary ornament in the shape of a single white lock carefully brushed back above the center of his forehead. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, but long ago turned his back upon the



George du Maurier.

*From a photograph by Downey, London.*

quired, "I say, which one of you two invented the other?"

Whistler has admitted that he is an expert in what he calls "the gentle art of making enemies." His is one of the most eccentric of personalities, and his appearance is equally marked. His erect figure still tells of his martial education—for he was once a West Point cadet. He affects the dress and manner of a generation ago. A mass of curly black hair crowns his head, with an ex-

country of his birth. After thirty years' residence in London he recently went back to Paris, to establish himself once more in the city where he first learned his art.

#### \$57,000 FOR A "SIR JOSHUA."

MORE than once in the last few months mention has been made of the fall in prices paid for pictures by painters whose names have in the past stood high in the favor of connoisseurs. Here



"The Lady in White."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Albert Keller.*

is an instance to the contrary. One of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits—that of Lady Betty Delme—was sold at Christie's, in July, for eleven thousand guineas—nearly \$57,000—the highest price ever given for a picture in a Lon-

don auction room. Is this to be taken as a token of returning prosperity, or as an illustration of the rule that it is always the unexpected that happens?

The "record" thus broken had been held by Gainsborough's famous "Duch-





"Pausias and His Flower Girl."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by Wilhelm Kray.*



"Hypatia."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by A. Seifert.*

ess of Devonshire," which was sold for \$52,000 just before its mysterious disappearance in 1881.

#### STANFORD WHITE'S STUDIO.

WHEN the present Madison Square Garden building was planned, Mr. Stanford White, the architect, made a great Giralda-like tower the dominating feature of his design. The directors of the company objected to this on the ground of its heavy cost; but Mr. White suc-

ceeded in carrying his point, with a result that has been universally admired by the daily myriads who pass through Madison Square.

It probably occurs to few of those who, as they pass along Broadway or Twenty Third Street, see its graceful pinnacles rising above the greenery of the little park, that the tower has a practical as well as an artistic value. Some of its floors are occupied as artists' studios, one of them by Mr. White himself.



SHE.

You kissed me, dear, when you said good night  
Under the full of the summer moon;  
My soul was a maiden's, pure and white,  
And free as the breath of the fragrant June.

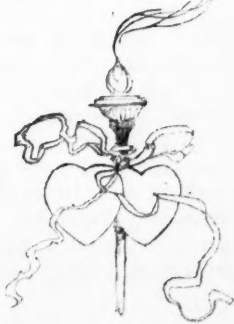
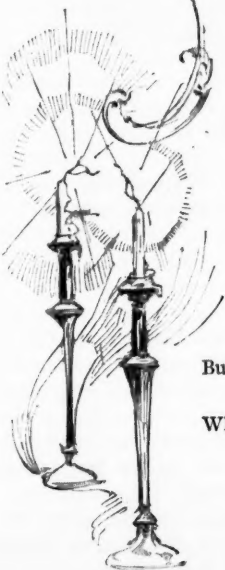
But a woman's soul leaped forth to light  
When you kissed me, dear, as you said good night.

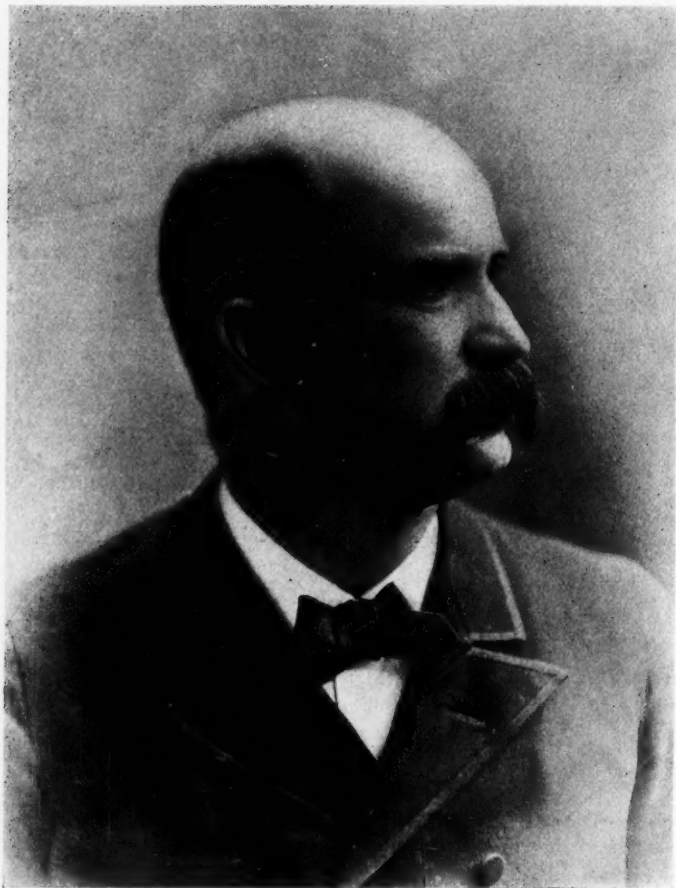
HE.

I kissed you, dear, when I said good night ;  
Your face was fresh as a new blown flower;  
Your eyes were sweet, with your sweet soul's light,  
And I robbed your heart of its girlhood's  
dower.

But my darkened soul grew strangely  
bright,  
When I kissed you, dear, as I said good  
night.

*May Hayden Taylor.*





*From a photograph by Bell, Washington*

## DAVID BENNETT HILL.

*One of the notable figures of contemporary American politics—The remarkable rise of the senior Senator from New York, his ambitions, his prospects, and anecdotes illustrative of his personality.*

By Harold Parker.

JUST ten years ago there was in progress that remarkable chapter of our political history which culminated, in November, 1884, in Grover Cleveland's election to the Presidency. Scarcely less interesting, to observers of the signs of the times, than the amazing rise of Mr. Cleveland, was the parallel career of the man who had been his associate at Albany, and whom his pro-

motion to the White House made Governor of the Empire State. And from that day to this no figure has been more continuously prominent in the public eye, no name has been more constantly in evidence in the public press, than that of David Bennett Hill.

Mr. Hill is one of the salient personalities not only of the United States Senate, but of the whole arena of

national politics. High as is the official station he has reached, it is future possibilities, rather than past achievements, that are thought of in connection with him. At fifty one—his birthday was the 29th of August—he is still one of the younger men of the Senate, some of whose most distinguished members are old enough to be his father. He is unquestionably ambitious. The time that others devote to their family life, or to the accumulation of wealth, Senator Hill has given up wholly to the all absorbing game of politics. He possesses, too, in rare degree the forceful qualities that turn ambitions into realities—the executive power, the judgment of men and events, the patience that waits for opportunities, and the boldness that strikes a clinching blow when they come. It is no wonder that his future career should be a topic of interest to political speculators.

There is much in his past life that is of interest, too. The way in which he has carved his own path to fame has been remarkable. His father, who originally came from Connecticut, was a working carpenter in the village of Havana, New York. David was the youngest of five children, and in his early years he had delicate health to contend with as well as a lack of opportunities. "He was a slight, slender youth," according to a description given of him as a boy, "with pale, thin features and sharp, bright eyes. He was always selected on 'big days' at school to deliver a recitation or do something to show off the school."

The story is told that when he was eleven years old he was so anxious to make a start in the world that he went to Syracuse, with eight dollars in his pocket, to seek his fortune. By good luck he happened to meet Dean Richmond, then president of the New York Central, of whom he promptly requested a "job."

"Why, my lad, what can you do?" Richmond asked. "We need men to work this road."

"I can sell papers and candy on your trains if you will let me," David replied.

The train boy, too much in evidence

nowadays, was unknown at that time, and the railroad president was impressed with the originality of young Hill's idea. "All right," he said. "If you can turn an honest penny, go ahead."

David went ahead, established a regular route between Albany and Buffalo, and managed it so well that when he gave it up he is said to have saved five hundred dollars from its profits.

A further anecdote of that period describes an encounter between the boy and Lucius Robinson, afterwards Governor of New York, and even then one of the foremost politicians of the State. Mr. Robinson asked for a copy of the *Tribune*, but Hill had none in his stock.

"I wouldn't sell that radical sheet," the young merchant tartly declared. "I won't help to spread the stuff old Greeley writes. I'm a Democrat!"

Thus, if the story be true, was first enunciated the sentence which became so famous in later years as Mr. Hill's condensed declaration of principles.

After his experience as a pioneer train boy, he must have—very wisely—gone back to school, for in 1860, when he was seventeen, it is recorded that he graduated from the Havana Academy. Next he found a place in Gabriel Smith's law office, at Elmira, and began the study of the profession that is an almost established preliminary to a public career.

An incident which no doubt stimulated his ambition occurred soon after he left school. There was a large political gathering at Watkins Glen. The orator of the day failed to make his appearance, and there was no one to take his place. To mitigate the audience's disappointment, rather than with any serious idea of filling the vacancy, the managers of the meeting asked young Hill, whom they had often heard "speak a piece" at school celebrations, to come upon the platform and say something. The seventeen year old lad promptly complied, and made a speech that amazed and delighted his hearers with its information, good sense, and precocious power of delivery. It was the beginning of his reputation as a speaker.

When he was admitted to the bar, after two or three years' study, he was



already well enough known in Elmira to be appointed, a couple of months later, to the office of city attorney. The influence of Stephen Arnot, father of Congressman Arnot, was at that time supreme in the Democratic councils of the county. The young lawyer dared to antagonize Mr. Arnot, and by superior generalship succeeded in ousting him from his leadership. Four years later the man who went to the State convention with the vote of Chemung in his pocket was David B. Hill.

His election to the Legislature in 1871 was the next landmark in Mr. Hill's onward career. It was there that he met the late Samuel J. Tilden, and formed a personal friendship and a political alliance that were important factors in the following period of his life. For ten years after his term at Albany, while busily practising his profession at Elmira, he was one of Tilden's ablest and most loyal lieutenants.

When Mr. Hill accepted a nomination to the board of aldermen of his city, it seemed as if, in undertaking so petty an office, he had taken a backward step; but it proved to be the beginning of his greatest promotion. From the aldermanic chamber he passed to the mayor's office, where his management of municipal affairs was conspicuously clean and capable; and a year later the Syracuse convention made the memorable nomination, for the chief magistracies of the State, of the two "reform mayors"—Cleveland of Buffalo and Hill of Elmira. At the ensuing election, when Cleveland won by a hundred and ninety two thousand votes—a triumph that made him his party's Presidential candidate—Hill's majority was four thousand larger still. From that point the events of his career have been too conspicuous to need repetition.

When Mr. Hill went from Albany to Washington, three years ago, not a few, even of the shrewdest observers, expected to see him suffer the fate that has befallen many who have come with high local prestige into the central arena of national politics. They thought that in the Senate, set side by side with the veteran champions of the two great

parties, the tried leaders of political thought, his figure would be dwarfed into comparative insignificance. They have been forced to confess their mistake. At Washington Mr. Hill has made both friends and enemies, but he has made himself respected by both.

He is one of the very few men who have come with added credit from the protracted and complicated struggle over the recently enacted tariff bill. At the beginning of the contest Mr. Hill clearly announced his position, and that position he held unflinchingly to the end. He was for a tariff for revenue, but he would vote against any measure whose provisions included an income tax. He fought practically single handed, now on one issue, now on another, although in his opposition to the policy of his party he unquestionably represented a strong sentiment in New York and the other great Eastern States. Throughout, his course was so manly and consistent, his expressions so forceful and telling, that even his severest critics were impressed with a new sense of his ability.

When Cleveland and Hill were together at Albany, it was often noted by people who had an eye for small coincidences, that both were bachelors at an age when almost all public men have become benedicts. In spite of his former colleague's example, Mr. Hill's case seems to be an incurable one. It is said that an early disappointment is at the root of it. Certain it is, that he has always avoided feminine society. He is not fond of assemblages of any sort. His personal tastes are quiet and simple even to austerity. In his intercourse with men he is democratic, unostentatious, and approachable; but he has no special grace of manner, and lacks that indefinable quality that is often called "personal magnetism." Nor does he possess an imposing presence. His figure is of medium height, and slender; his small, well cut features are decidedly intellectual, but scarcely handsome. It is sheer force of will and brain that has given him his remarkable political successes in the past, and may win more for him in the future.



## KANAHEE.

By Thomas Winthrop Hall.

THE scarlet sumac is the color of a Tonto maiden's headband, and the red willows in White River Canyon are the color of a Tonto maiden's cheek.

She sat embowered in sumac and red willows. The gray rocks of one side of the canyon rose behind her. In front, ten feet away, the foaming White River sang its unending song. She sat motionless, her feet crossed beneath her, her elbows resting on her knees, and her face supported by her hands. How many hours she had sat thus only the Great Spirit knew. How many nights had fallen upon the gloomy canyon, how many suns had filled it with glory, how many days she had been without food, although there was meat within reach of her hand, how long she had been without even a draft of water, although the river surged so near, she neither knew nor cared. She felt no fatigue, although she had walked without stopping for even a moment's rest from the Tonto basin to this canyon that dropped from the back line of the quarters at Fort Apache.

It was here that he said he would meet her if ever she wished to see him. She was to come to this canyon, and just as the echoes of the sunset gun died away she was to utter the cry of the gray coyote thrice, and he would come to her.

She firmly believed him. It did not seem strange to her that a handsome young white nan-tan, who wore yellow straps on his shoulders, and lorded it over a troop of cavalry (when his captain and first lieutenant were on detached service), should love a little Tonto maiden. The young men of the villages around her father's were each and all of them moon mad for love of her. They

called her "Mountain Flower" and "Spring Dew" and "Rock Rose." They killed bears to provide her with coveted claws for her necklace, and each and all of them hoped some day to kill a white man or two in order that they might shine with more glory in her eyes. And all this adoration had made her a spoiled little Tonto maiden, who had learned the coquette's delight in breaking hearts, and the art of keeping her own very safe from injury.

But one day came a laughing, blue eyed white nan-tan with his rollicking troop of cavalry to camp, during a hot month of the summer, close by their own village. And when the white nan-tan had looked at her and smiled, she had taken her heart at once from its safe hiding place, and given it to him just as though she had been guarding it all her life for his coming. And he understood, for the white soldiers, especially the young nan-tans, are very keen in affairs of love.

For a month she was the happiest young woman in the world. Her old father shook his head and warned her against everything white. She laughed at him. The young men frowned and walked stealthily about, muttering threats. She laughed at them. The white nan-tan, she told them, could kill them all.

She felt very secure as well as happy, for was she not the most beautiful woman that had ever been seen of living man? She had never seen a white woman, and her ideas of them were rather contemptuous. They were as lilies, and could be destroyed by the pressure of two fingers. Besides, if there were any possible white rival, she and the other would fight with knives and clubs, and she would kill her,

proudly, before the very eyes of the white nan-tan himself.

The white nan-tan had never told her that he would take her to wife, but she was very sure that it was merely a question of a few moons ere he would buy her from her father and take her to his own wickiup, somewhere where there was a large village of the white soldiers. Indeed, he never seemed serious in anything, but laughed a great deal, which was very different from the manner of the surly young men of her own race. Sometimes he held her hand for a little while, and stroked her glossy black hair; but he never went further in his love making until one day when he and his soldiers suddenly broke camp and moved away.

On that day he took her for a short jaunt, and told her where he was going, and how she could find the place. And he told her about the canyon and the great gun that was fired at sunset, and bade her, if she wanted him, to give the coyote call in the canyon. She did not know that the young nan-tan shrewdly suspected that she would be persecuted after his departure for her too evident preference for him. And then he put his arm around her, and touched his lips very lightly to her cheek—a caress that seemed very odd and unusual to her, but at the same time very delightful. He told her that he would come back some day—a statement which he made quite unthinkingly, but which gave her great hope and joy. And then he rode away, very bravely, at the head of his band of white braves.

The white nan-tan was not mistaken as to the treatment she would receive after he had gone. Her father beat her and scolded her. Her mother made her do the work of four women, and gave her only leavings from each meal to eat. The young men who once worshiped her now taunted her and boasted how they would have killed her white nan-tan if her love had been worth it. The young girls, in fact all the women, laughed at her, and it almost seemed as though her pony hung his head in shame, although he had formerly been the wildest and proudest in

the drove. But he was no longer her pony now, for her father had taken him from her and given him to a younger sister.

But Kanahee bore it all very bravely. Had not the white nan-tan promised to come back? And when he did come back he would buy her for more ponies and blankets than her father could get for all his other daughters put together. Then it would be her turn to taunt the young men and laugh at the young girls.

She counted the days through the first moon, and he did not come. She counted the days through the second, and it was the same. At the end of the third moon her heart was heavy with doubt and fear. She no longer counted the days, but worked on and suffered silently.

Six moons had passed, and she could endure it no longer. One night, when the village was asleep, she took her knife and enough food to last her for a few days, and started out on the trail in the direction the white nan-tan had indicated. Three days and nights she walked, and on the morning of the fourth she sank down on one side of White River Canyon and saw the smoke rise from the barracks of the white soldiers on the other.

Her heart leaped with joy. She clambered down the steep trail to the river, and drank and ate. Then she hid in the red willows and waited for sunset. A trail ran by the side of the river on this bank, and the rocks rose abruptly from the mad waters on the other. So she knew that when he came it would be by this trail.

At sunset she heard the great gun, and it would have frightened her had not her mind been so intent on the cry of the coyote. Three times she uttered that peculiar wail, and three times she heard the echoes run up and down the canyon until it seemed as though a whole pack were yelping around her. She could hear the answering bark of dogs, and knew that the sound must have been carried to his ears. Then she crept into a bunch of red willows and waited.

He came. But he did not come at her call. He did not come for her, and he did not come alone. Walking behind him on the trail was a pale young girl in a snow white dress. She was so beautiful that Kanahee sank on her knees and dared not breathe. She would have thought it a spirit from the land of the dead had she not heard her laugh in a low, rippling way that sounded like the song of a bird.

Kanahee felt a pain at her heart as though she had been struck by an arrow. Who was this wonderful white girl with hair like a sunrise and clothes like the flying clouds? What was she to him? Did the white nan-tan think her more beautiful than Kanahee? Her heart sank when she asked herself this question, for she knew that she was ugly and homely compared to this vision in white.

But she would not give up. She would not believe that he had a false heart until she was sure. She would wait. And meanwhile she would try the snake. It is not a pretty superstition, this of the snake, nor one that is likely to be adopted by Kanahee's more civilized sisters. But a Tonto maiden firmly believes that she can read in the eyes of a rattlesnake her fate in love—provided she capture the snake alive herself.

Kanahee waited until morning, and when the first rattlesnake, warmed by the early rays of the sun, thrust its head out of a hole in the rocks near by, she deftly slipped over it a noose that she had made in a strip of buckskin, and held it prisoner. Then she again sought her hiding place of sumac and red willow. Either end of the strip of buckskin she tied to a willow about six inches from the ground, thus securing her snake with his head erect and his body writhing on the ground. Then she sat down before him, and looked into his fiery eyes. The eyes blazed, the fangs darted in and out, and the body writhed, but the eyes told her nothing of love.

For hours she sat motionless. For hours she rocked herself to and fro and

moaned. Night came and day came. Night came again and day again, and still she watched patiently before the maddened snake. But the white nan-tan did not come again, and the snake's eyes told her nothing of love.

It was evening of the third day when she heard a footfall. She peered through the bushes and saw him again. Again the pale girl in the white dress was walking daintily behind him. They stopped in the trail directly in front of her. The tall white nan-tan turned and held out his arms. The pale girl walked up to him with a beautiful smile, and laid her head gently on his shoulder. He folded his arms about her and kissed her on the cheek, just as he had kissed Kanahee. He smiled and whispered in her ear. And then he said playfully two words, and the pale girl laughed. The two words were "sisagi" and "manana."

Kanahee knew what both words meant. "Sisagi" was the Indian word for "sweetheart" or "darling," "manana" the Mexican word, and by usage also the Indian word, for "tomorrow." She did not need to read the snake's eyes now. She knew.

The lovers moved slowly away. Kanahee waited until they were out of sight, and then she leaned slowly toward her rattlesnake. She presented her cheek to it, and the snake struck furiously at the very spot where the white nan-tan had kissed her. It buried its fangs with its utmost strength, but Kanahee merely smiled. She loosened the strip of buckskin from the willows, and the snake hurriedly glided away, carrying the strip with it. Then Kanahee lay down on the grass and burst into tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

No human being ever saw Kanahee after she left her father's wickiup. Even her body was never found. For the scarlet sumac is the color of a Tonto maiden's headband and the red willows in White River Canyon are the color of a Tonto maiden's cheek. And even the vultures disdain the prey of the rattlesnake.

# CORONA OF THE NANTAHALAS.\*

By Louis Pendleton.

## XIV.

DARNELL knew that he was shot—the burning, stinging pain in the leg, about half way above the knee, was still perceptible—and a great fear seized him. He was alone—he might bleed to death; the assassin would of course abandon him to his fate. He was about to lift himself on his arm and look around, but hearing footsteps he remained quiet, closing his eyes.

Seeing his victim in a state of physical collapse, the assassin emerged from cover and cautiously drew near, curious to see if death had been the result of the shot. When the approaching footsteps were stilled, and he felt that some one bent over him and stared into his face, Darnell suddenly opened his eyes and recognized Jonathan Scruggs.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he said contemptuously, a feeling of recklessness suddenly succeeding his state of fear.

"Yes, it's me," was the mountaineer's defiant response, after a start of surprise. His haggard face and bloodshot eyes emphasized the malevolence of his expression.

"What made you shoot me?"

"You know well enough."

"Because I whipped you in a fair fight, or because you think I stand in your light with the woman you want to marry but do not love?"

"Who says I don't love her?"

"The love of a good woman ought to make a man out of any sort of fellow. Instead of making a man of you, it has made you the most despicable of all creatures—an assassin, which is only another name for devil."

The mountaineer flushed with anger and shame, lifting his rifle threateningly. "If you don't stop sassin' me," he burst out, "I'll put you out o' yo' mis'ry mighty quick."

Suddenly Darnell closed his eyes, and a faintness stole upon him. In a moment or

two he opened them again and said: "If you don't intend to finish me, bring me some water."

Then quite as suddenly his face blanched, his eyes closed, and he lapsed into unconsciousness.

"He's dead!" whispered Scruggs, drawing away in horror and fear.

A few moments of intense stillness succeeded. They were cut short by the rustle of dry leaves beneath the tread of approaching feet. Scruggs bountled away like a hare in the opposite direction, and when Corona appeared along the path leading from the farm house nothing met her gaze but the mouth of the cave, the tent, the empty hammock, and presently the limp figure on the ground. She stopped, startled—could he be asleep in such an attitude and on the bare ground? Drawing nearer, she beheld all in one moment the deathly pale face and the blood which had oozed through the thick woolen of Darnell's trousers.

With a low cry unlike anything she had ever uttered in her life before, the girl threw herself upon the prostrate figure. She saw that he did not breathe—assuredly he was dead! She gathered him to her, pillowing his head on her breast and pressing her lips long upon his, inwardly saying: "If he be dead, how can I live? Let me die, too, my God!" She knew at last the difference between a dream and a reality.

Suddenly Darnell revived, and, without opening his eyes, called faintly, "Water!"

Gently, but swiftly, and with the light of a great joy in her eyes, the girl laid him out of her arms before he was aware of her presence. Running to the tent she found water standing in a bucket, ran back with a cupful, and put it to his lips. He drank eagerly, then looked to see who ministered to him.

"Oh, it is you," he murmured contentedly. "My last thought was of you, Corona. I thought I was going to die, and I wished

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you could be by me. . . . I have been shot."

"I am here and will stay with you," she said, touching his forehead caressingly with her hand. She would not ask the name of the assassin, fearing to excite him.

"And I am not to die, it seems," he said. "How could I from a wound in the leg?"

"But it bleeds rapidly," she said, with anxiety. "I can feel the blood gushing forth under the cloth. It has run out on the ground."

"The femoral artery must be cut," he said, weakening with sudden misgiving. "If so I shall bleed to death, unless the wound has very careful attention."

Corona started to her feet; something should be done at once. A deadly pallor overspread Darnell's face, and a second time he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The girl's distress was intensified. She realized that she must act—immediately—but what should she do? Should she leave him—run to the house for help? He might die while she was gone; no, she could not leave him. Perhaps she could carry him there—if she tried hard—desperately hard; she was very strong—she believed she could do it.

Stooping over him, she exerted all her strength, lifted him in her arms, and staggered a few steps with her burden. She could not do it—she could never do it; something else must be done.

Looking about her helplessly—supplicatingly—her eye fell upon a crooked ram's horn belonging to Dan. It lay on the ground near the tent, where he had dropped it perhaps the day before. Leaping upon it as though in fear lest it should fly from her, Corona put it to her lips and blew three long blasts, then three more, and then three more. Surely they would hear that at the farm house, and understand that something was wrong and come to her aid.

The stillness that followed was frightful to her in its intensity and suggestion of disaster. Half an hour must elapse before any one could come to her aid, and meanwhile the assassin's victim might bleed to death. She could not wait—she must begin the work. Dropping the horn, she returned to Darnell's side, steeling herself to the accomplishment of the task before her. The blood must be stanching—she must do it—and before it could be done his clothing would have to be removed. As she stood over him, hesitating, a suggestion came to her. Running to the tent, she looked about eagerly, picked up a long, sharp knife, and came back.

It was the work of but a few moments to rip open Darnell's trousers, and lay bare the wound, from which the blood flowed in a rapid stream. She did not stop here, but cut away the ripped cloth entirely, and, tearing it into long strips, bound them tightly around the exposed limb, covering the wound and checking the great flow of blood.

By the time all this was done she heard the sound of footsteps. Looking up, she was overjoyed to find Dan at her side. Mrs. McLeod had been alarmed by the repeated blowing of the horn, and had sent him off at a run. Hardly stopping to speak a word in explanation of the situation, Corona bade the deaf mute lift Darnell and carry him home as fast as he could.

Dan, who was almost as strong as an ox, willingly obeyed her. Lifting the still insensible man, and placing him partly across his shoulders and partly on his back, he trotted easily after Corona along the path leading to the house.

#### XV.

GIDEON McLEOD was out in the mountains looking after some straying sheep. When his wife saw Corona running towards the house, followed by Dan with his burden, her first thought was of her husband, and she began at once to blow the horn. She blew blast after blast, ceasing only when Corona reached the steps.

"Is it Mr. Darnell that's hurt?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes"—with a gasp for breath.

"What ails him? Look at the blood!"

"He has been shot."

"Who done it?"

"I believe it was Jonathan."

Dan carried the still unconscious man in, and they placed him gently on a bed. Then, as the two women busied themselves about the room, he went out, as he was directed to do, took up the horn, and walking some distance from the house, blew it with all his strength.

A short while afterwards, as Corona, in her own room, was tearing cloth into strips for fresh bandages, Mrs. McLeod came to her and said:

"He's come to. He says we must get a doctor right off to probe for the bullet."

"I thought that ought to be done, but I was waiting for uncle to see him," was the anxious reply.

The girl ran out and looked toward the mountain heights. Dan was still blowing



at intervals, and there was no sign of his father. Corona caught his eye, beckoned to him, and began to make signs, directing him to bridle the horse, and put on her side saddle. Dan himself could not go for the doctor—no one at Wolf Creek would understand his signs—and it would not do to wait for his father, who might be beyond the reach of the horn. Corona decided that she must go herself.

Having reached this determination, she returned to the wounded man's bedside, and bent low over him, saying that the doctor was to be sent for at once. He smiled as he saw her, pressed her hand gently, but seemed too faint to speak; and then she left him.

"Watch him closely till I come back," she whispered to Mrs. McLeod, but did not announce her determination, fearing opposition, and thus delay.

Corona wore one of her white Greek gowns, and it was now stained with blood, but she did not pause to make a change. The horse was ready, and not a moment was lost. Once upon his back, and out beyond the gate, she plied the whip and rode at a break-neck speed along the difficult pathway leading downward through the mountains. Over fallen trees, along narrow ledges, above yawning ravines, through shallow, roaring mountain torrents full of huge, slippery stones—on she went!

She had made the journey to Wolf Creek, a distance of at least fifteen miles, only twice in her life, and the last time more than five years since; but there were no cross roads, and she knew that she could not miss her way. But the horse might slip or stumble, and fall at a dangerous point, and both be precipitated downward to certain death. Corona thought not of this; her only fear was that Darnell might die while she was on the road, and with apparent recklessness she urged her laboring horse with a merciless hand.

Two hours or more later, as the panting animal carried her into the more level region of the lower valley, she saw on the road ahead of her a horseman riding rapidly toward Wolf Creek. As she neared the village and saw him turn off to the right, she recognized the face of Jonathan Scruggs, and was confirmed in her suspicion of his villainy.

The inhabitants of the mountain village, which consisted of a dozen or so of dwelling houses, a post office, and two small stores, were amazed at the sight of a panting, foam flecked horse, with a handsome young girl on its back, dashing madly into

their midst. Thinking it a runaway, one man rushed into the road to the rescue, but Corona promptly motioned him back and began to check her plunging horse. As she came to a standstill several men approached her questioning.

"Please tell me where the doctor is," she said to them hurriedly.

"Yonder he is right now—there in front o' the post office," said the nearest, pointing out a stout man who sat in a chair, reading a newspaper, under a tree fronting a little frame house. "I'll go and tell him."

"Anybody sick?" asked another.

"A man has been shot in the mountains. He is at the McLeods'. I am from there."

They asked a few more questions, and then the doctor came forward. Corona waited for no introduction, and earnestly appealed to him. Could he get a horse and go with her at once? The case was urgent. The man at Lonely Cove might bleed to death.

"Who shot him?" asked the doctor deliberately.

He was a fat little man somewhat past middle age, who looked as if he had never been in a hurry in his life.

"I found him so in the woods," answered Corona restively. "I suspect a certain man, but as I am not sure, I will not mention his name—as yet. Can we not start at once?"

The doctor looked at the sun. "Dinner will be ready in 'bout an hour," he observed. "Won't you light and take dinner with me and my wife? Then we could start right off. It's a powerful long ways up to Lonely Cove, and we ought to have dinner first."

Corona made no answer, but looked, steadily at the speaker, a peculiar fiery glare in her eyes. The expression of her face was such as to frighten him, and to stir the sympathy of the bystanders.

"Go'n' ter stop and eat when a man's a-dyin'?" asked one of them in disgust.

"Well, I'll be dog gone!" audibly muttered another.

"Well, I'll go and git ready right off," acquiesced the doctor, reluctantly turning away.

The girl wondered what such a man could be made of, as she saw him moving slowly about, making his preparations. She almost feared that she would shriek out in her exasperation and pain. He was not made of stone, as she half believed, but of heavy, solid flesh, iron nerves, and phlegmatic feelings. What if a man had been shot and was lying bleeding to death, could the doctor be expected to excite himself and rush around



till his fat person was bathed in a profuse perspiration? People must die, and if need be hearts must break, and meanwhile—if denied the privilege of waiting for his dinner—the doctor must at least take time to catch his breath.

Corona was repeatedly urged to alight and refresh herself, but, after drawing rein in front of the doctor's house, she refused to do aught but sit on her horse and wait for him. She saw him moving deliberately about his house for some minutes before he sent a half grown lad to saddle his horse, and she told herself bitterly that he was inexorable—he ought to be tortured!

At last he joined her, picking his teeth, and they took the road. Then the girl led him a fearful race upward through those mountain wilds, and the plump doctor cursed his hard luck; he was too proud to allow himself to be left far behind, and at many a risky turn in the path he swore beneath his breath. But when, about the middle of the afternoon, they arrived at the farm house, though severely jaded, he showed interest in the case, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work with a will.

Corona sprang to the ground and ran in ahead of him. Mrs. McLeod met her at the door, and answered the agonized appeal in her eyes by saying: "He 'pears to be 'bout the same, though hit looks to me he's drunk enough water to kill him. Gid didn't git home till you was half way, I reckon. He said you ought to 'a' waited for him to fetch the doctor."

Corona said nothing in answer, and after the doctor had gone into Darnell's room, taking her uncle and Dan with him, she sat down by her aunt on the porch, looked long with dry eyes toward Parnassus, and at length sobbed convulsively.

The backwoods physician was not much of a surgeon, and knew little of anatomy, but he got the ball out successfully, and performed such other offices as seemed imperative. He said the wound was not necessarily dangerous, but was very serious and needed careful watching. The bullet had passed close to the femur, narrowly grazing the femoral artery and actually cutting two or more of its branches or ramifications, and had deeply embedded itself in the adductor muscles. The doctor made several subsequent visits; for it was more than three weeks before Darnell could stand on his feet, and two months elapsed before he entirely lost his limp.

After his first visit the doctor stayed over night, and as Darnell was resting quietly next morning, he returned home, at a rate

of speed much more leisurely and satisfactory than that forced on him the day before. Gideon McLeod accompanied him, with the intention of procuring the arrest of Jonathan Scruggs, whose name Darnell had faintly articulated on the previous day in response to the question of his host.

Early on the evening of the same day the mountaineer returned with the unexpected news that Scruggs had been arrested the afternoon before—not many hours after the shooting—and carried off to jail on proof of his being engaged in illicit distilling.

"When they git through with him for that we'll settle with him for sneakin' round and shootin' from the bushes at an honest man," said Gideon McLeod, with emphasis.

Corona was too much a child of nature to hide her feelings when nothing demanded such concealment. She hesitated only until Darnell was resting tranquilly and not likely to be harmed by excitement. On the morning after her uncle's return from Wolf Creek she went into Darnell's room alone, and kneeling beside the bed, took the hand which he extended.

"I was hoping you would come to me," he said.

"Do you still love me, Edward?" she asked abruptly.

"I shall always love you, Corona. I am not one of those who change."

"And you wish to marry me?"

"One question involves the other. I could not love you without wishing to marry you." He turned his head on the pillow and looked at her intently, inquiring: "Why do you ask me this?"

"Don't you understand, Edward?" she said, with a low laugh, a great new light in her eyes, and her face a flame of blushes. "I ask because—I love you—I love you—I love you!" Her head was suddenly caught fast between his hands and her face drawn down close upon his, so that their lips rested together.

"I know now that it has been so a long time," she told him, when at last he let her go, "but it was not until I found you lying on the ground—shot—and thought you dead—that—that—"

"That reconciles me to my wound," he interrupted, with a laugh. "The would-be assassin little knows that he is my greatest benefactor."

By the time the invalid was fully restored the summer was quite gone, and the necessity of returning to New York in order to fill his engagements presented itself to him. He preferred to marry at Lonely Cove rather than later on somewhere else, and as any

other arrangement would have wounded the McLeods, this was determined on by the lovers.

"It almost breaks my heart to think of leaving them," said Corona, as the time drew near.

"We can come here every summer if you wish," Darnell promised; "and they will not feel that they are giving you up entirely. As for Dan, if his father agrees, we can take him to New York, and put him in a school where he will learn to read and write, and a whole new world will open to him."

A license was procured at Wolf Creek for the marriage of Edward Darnell and Corona Casimiro, and the 15th of September was

the day chosen. The fat, lazy little doctor, being invited to accompany the minister, again submitted to the rough and dangerous ride up from the lower valley in order to eat a piece of Mrs. McLeod's cake and witness the marriage of the girl for whom he felt a mixture of admiration and fear.

The devotees of fashion would have been shocked to see a beautiful girl, arrayed in a laurel wreath and a Greek robe of white wool, stand up to marry a young man wearing an outing shirt and a Norfolk jacket; but the two people most concerned cared little for fashion or other such external matters, and thought only of their arrival at the threshold of a great, enduring happiness.

THE END.



#### IN YOUTH.

My darling, when your arms are round my neck,  
And in your eyes I see the love light gleaming,  
I sometimes wonder if when we've grown old  
We'll think this idle dreaming.

I sometimes wonder, in the years to come,  
When cares crowd round us and when sorrows thicken  
If in caresses we shall grow quite dumb  
Just as our spirits quicken.

It may be so. When time shall steal away  
Our crown of youth with all its golden glory,  
It may be that our love shall grow to be  
An old, too oft told story.

And yet it seems to me, dear, even then,  
Your freshness gone, and naught but Heaven above you,  
That I shall love to take your hand in mine  
And tell you how I love you.

*Tom Masson.*

## A CHEROKEE CLAIMANT.

By Fannie E. Newberry.

THE sun was setting, as for weeks past, in a hot, merciless glare, which made its disappearance a distinct relief. It cast no long afternoon shadows, for between Lucy's eyes and the far horizon stretched only a rolling sea of prairie grass, browned to a stubble. The prospect to the east was as monotonous, and northward no less so, though the thought that Arkansas City lay in that direction gave it a certain interest in Lucy's eyes. Behind her, to the south, Snake Creek crawled its sluggish way through her father's grain fields, now parched to stiffness under the brassy sky.

Lucy sighed, and turned back into the cabin. Crossing its floor of baked earth, she lifted the lid from a rusty kettle simmering on a rustier stove, and gave a look at the uneasy potatoes within.

"D'ye see anythin' of pap?" asked a querulous voice from the squeaky wooden rocker near the back door.

"No, he isn't in sight yet, ma. Shall I put over the coffee?"

"Might's well. Hope he won't forgit th' dried apricots, and th' med'cine."

"And the mail," added Lucy beneath her breath, jerking a table of home manufacture a few feet from the wall. "Mayn't we have a table cloth tonight, ma?"

"What's th' sense? Jest makes extry washin'. Kain't ye wipe th' table off, if 'tain't clean?"

"Oh, I can." Lucy's pretty lips curled scornfully, straightening her dimples into hard, unlovely lines, as she caught the coarse dishes from their rude shelf, and shoved them into place with a vehemence which brought a sarcastic "Save the pieces, Luce!" from her mother.

She did not answer, but turned again to the north entrance, called by courtesy the front door.

"He's coming," she answered half sullenly, after a moment's outlook; then in a brisker, brighter tone, "How easily Bonnie Belle makes it! You'd think she was on her first mile, and I'll wager my new hat pa's kept that pace the whole six. Bless the pretty creature!"

Her mother gave a cackling laugh, pleased at the girl's more cheerful tone. She resented fretfulness in another. That was her prerogative, born of years of "ailing," and youth and Lucy had no business with such a thing.

"She's a fine mare, Luce. There ain't many in Kansas slicker, 'less it's Charlie Maynard's roan"—with a covert glance. "I 'low his may be faster, but not much. Well, ef you'll dish th' murphies I'll git th' butter an' sass, hey?"

"All right. Hello, father! Back again? How's Bonnie Belle?"

"Chipper's ever, Luce. See her reach fer ye, darter. I vow, she's got more sense'n some humans! Supper ready? How's ma?"

"Better, and supper's dished. I'll unsaddle Belle—you go in. Aren't you tired?"

"Oh, some. It's derned hot an' dusty. Here, I'll tote in that bag o' truck; it's heavy. I got yer shoes, Luce. Paid fer 'em, too! Thet ole Swanscot guv me a V on thet debt. They're nice, Luce!"

"Thank you, father; they're beauties! And the mail?"

"Wall now, they wan't ary letters, Luce," the farmer said, carefully abstaining from even a glance at the girl's averted face. "Leastways I didn't find none—them mails is so dern keerless, ye know. Mought hev a dozen lyin' round loose fer all we kin tell. But here's the paper. My Jerushy, but it's lively times down to Arkansas City! Boomers till you kain't rest, an' you don't hear nothin' but th' chinnin' 'bout th' Cherokee strip, an' th' ride fer it, nex' Sat'day. They's settlers pilin' in by every train, an' cowboys, an' thimble riggers—an' it's my 'pinion they ain't much chance fer th' honest chaps. Yes, ma, I'm comin'."

He entered to the impatient invalid, and Lucy led her blooded mare to the shed stable in the rear.

Stolidly she removed the Mexican saddle and holsters, substituting a rope halter for the clumsy bridle. Then, while the hungry mare began upon the few kernels of corn

left in her rude manger, the girl suddenly broke into a dry sob, and leaned against the pretty creature's sleek side.

Bonnie Belle turned beautiful eyes of sympathy upon her mistress, who pressed closer, and broke out:

"Oh, why don't I hear? Where is he? It can't be that little thing at the dance. I *hate* Jim Curtis!"—passionately—"I only went with him because—because I didn't care to show I preferred Charlie, when they came up at the same minute. It would have been so marked! Why couldn't he understand? Men *are* such idiots!"

Half laughing, half sobbing, she gave her pet a gentle rub down, adding food, drink, and a last caress. Then she turned towards the house, stopping an instant to note the fast darkening line of smoke fringing the southwestern horizon—that line of dread and danger of which the prairie settler seldom wholly loses sight during the long months of drought and heat.

"We need rain awfully!" she sighed—"as much as we need money. Oh, what a life! Work, work, work, and for what? If it isn't grasshoppers it's fires, and if it isn't those it is sand storms and cyclones. There's no use trying to get ahead in this God forsaken country!"

With a desperate, disgusted gesture she entered the cabin from its rear, stopping again to drive a couple of too familiar chickens from the doorstep.

"Go to your own roost, you silly things! It seems as if even the fowls couldn't be like themselves in these parts. That speckled hen would stay up all night if I'd let her."

"What you mutterin' over, Luce?" called her father's big voice from the table, where he was at work upon his fourth plateful of bacon and potatoes. "Come in an' hear th' news, kain't ye? An' ye mought read them papers to ma, ef ye will. I've been a tellin' her, but they's lots I forgot, an' th' papers is full of it."

"Of what?" said Lucy obliviously.

"Why, wasn't I a tellin' ye? Of th' boom, an' th' guv'ment's givin' out th' Cherokee lan's, an' all. I swan, ef I was a younger man, an' not so stiff in th' j'int's, I'd make a race fer it myself. I know Bonnie Belle could do it. She come from th' city t'night in forty minutes, an' never sweat a hair. She could do it, an' I know it!"

"Of course she could, father, but it's nearly twenty miles to where the good lands are, isn't it?"

"Yes, but she could do it!" he repeated,

pounding his knife handle emphatically upon the bare table. "Don't ye want no supper, Luce?"

"No, father, I'm not hungry."

He studied her shapely young head, now bent over the paper till her face was hidden, and his honest countenance, burned to a coppery hue by the ceaseless winds of Kansas, took on a worried look.

"Ye oughter be," he murmured, gulping down a tremendous mouthful, and shook his head slightly, as if he had no remedy for the situation.

Lucy, meanwhile, having easily found the leaded headlines she sought, soon began to read of that vast irruption of the stranger and "tenderfoot," which was transforming the small prairie town above them into a noisy, blustering, open all night, fakir ridden city, nearing its sixty thousand inhabitants; the better portion intent upon claiming a home at the opening of the government lands, while the remainder were as intent upon plunder, lawlessness, and deviltry. Lucy read listlessly for a time, then with growing excitement.

"It'll be a wonderful sight, pa, that ride! How I wish you were younger! How I wish we could get a town lot at Perry, and make a home there! I could teach, then, for I had a good schooling up at the city, and you could perhaps start a mill again, father, and we'd give up fighting the storms and bugs on this old ranch. If you only could!"

"Yas, darter, but I couldn't. 'T'ould be a blessed change, I 'low, but thar 'tis! How's a man to make sech a run when he kain't move his bridle arm 'thout a pair ketchin' him? 'Twouldn't do, Lucy, my pretty, 'twouldn't do! Pap's too old an' clumsy, ye see. An' now, le's git to bed soon's I've took a look off fer fires."

He disappeared outside, while Lucy and her slow stepping mother let down the bunks and stowed themselves away within their narrow confines, to sleep. At least, the mother slept. Lucy, snug behind her calico curtains, heard her father reënter, mutter something about "no need to worrit ef th' wind don't change," and lazily pull his boots off.

Soon his heavy snores shook the cabin, but the girl lay with wide open eyes far into the night, thinking, planning, resolving.

It was nothing unusual for Lucy to ride over to Arkansas City for a visit. She had schoolmates there who were always glad to see her, and possibly other interests drew her in that direction. It was the town

Charlie Maynard called home, and in which he spent his brief vacations, sandwiched between long business trips, as thin and unsatisfactory as the bits of fat ham between the thick slices of dry bread with which he was too familiar at railway restaurants. Here Lucy had met him often, during the past two years of her happy school life, and here she had, seemingly, irrevocably offended him by one of those sudden, girlish freaks so inexplicable to the male lover.

It was at a parlor dance, not a month before. He had arrived late, but his bright blue eyes quickly sought her brown ones, and he was hastily making his way across the desert of red and green ingrain carpeting that separated the group of expectant girls from the bashful line of boys, when dapper Jim Curtis, of Tape & Twist's dry goods "emporium," advanced at exactly the same instant from the opposite end of the row.

"May I have the pleasure, Miss Reade?" and "Will you give me this dance, Lucy?" were whispered simultaneously into the two pink ears of the bewildered girl.

She hesitatingly rose, and, woman-like, took the arm of the man she hated, leaving the man she loved to glower after her in a stupor of indignation. That was their last meeting, for Charlie left the house almost immediately, and she had neither seen nor heard from him since. Her father, who dearly loved her, noted the cessation of certain frequent letters, and the sadness in his darling's eyes, and longed with all his great, blundering heart to comfort her. When she asked, the next morning after his return on Bonnie Belle, if she might spend the rest of the week with Jennie Miller in Arkansas City, he was glad to answer:

"Why, sartin, Lucy, sartin! I ain't needin' th' mare now that things is at sech a standstill, an' yer ma seems quite chipper over th' new medicine. Only look out a little fer bummers and roughs—th' kentry's full of 'em."

"Yes, father, I'll be there before noon, and you know I'll be safe with the Millers. Wouldn't you like to live in a town, pa?"

"Wall, I ain't sayin' I shouldn't like it—but what's th' use in chinnin'? Here we've squatted, an' we couldn't scrape up th' dust to git, ef we wanted to. Shell I cinch up th' mare?"

"No, fatherr, I can. You fix it up with ma, please. That'll be the toughest job!"

He smiled broadly in answer to her roguish look, and disappeared, to coax and wheedle the peevish, half sick, wholly dis-

couraged mother into a reluctant consent to her daughter's absence.

Lucy found that her father had not exaggerated the state of things at Arkansas City. She was obliged to check Bonnie Belle to a walk as she steered her way through the teeming streets to the small frame house of her friends, the Millers. But she gave little time to wonder or questionings. Mr. Miller was an attorney, and after a brief response to his daughter's glad welcome, Lucy said briskly,

"Jennie, dear, I came on business. I want to see your father—where is he?"

"He's home now. It's dinnertime. I'll have brother Joe unsaddle Belle—come right into the dining room; we're all there."

After the noon meal, which consumed little time, the good natured Miller led his guest into the gloomy parlor, sacred to silence and obscurity, except on Sunday nights. Here, after a struggle with a refractory window that he might admit some much needed air, he turned with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"Well now, to biz! What can I do for you, Miss Lucy? Anything about registration of claims, or—"

"Yes, sir, that's just it."

"Hey?" Mr. Miller was evidently not a little astonished.

"Yes, sir. I'm going to ride for a claim at Perry, and I want you to tell me just what to do to make everything safe and legal."

"Whew-w!" the attorney replied, drawing his chair closer to gaze intently into her brave young face, pallid with resolve. "It's a ride that will tax the strongest man, let alone a girl like you. You'll simply be run down and stamped to death in the rush. You're crazy to—"

"I'm a good rider, Mr. Miller, and Belle issure footed. I'm going to take up a town site claim at Perry. Father's too old and too—too easy. You know all about him. I'm not afraid. I don't hold my life so very dear, anyhow. What have I to live for on that dreadful, burnt up prairie? Don't try to dissuade me, but let me know exactly what to do. I tell you I will make a go of it!"

"By gravy! I believe you will," he said, after a long, intent look. "Well, listen;" and he proceeded carefully to set forth the legal forms and requirements necessary, without interposing a single word of further remonstrance.

The next two days would have tested the resolution of most men, and did sap the strength of many, as they stood in packed lines under that blazing Kansas sun, blis-



tered with heat, parched with thirst, gritty and blind with the penetrating dust, waiting for their slow turns at the registration booths. But Lucy was a determined girl, and used to hardships. She had ridden, many a day, from dawn to gloaming, perched upon the wheat drill or corn dropper, and trudged hours picking up the "murphies" her father hoed out of the red black earth. She had galloped miles over the sun swept prairies, once hotly pursued by two drunken Indians; she had slept more than once with no roof above her and no couch beneath, and she knew what endurance meant.

Today she was dressed in a loose blouse and skirt of thin, cool flannel, with a man's sombrero crowning her close braided blonde hair, whose short locks curled naturally about her forehead. A sharp *machele* was thrust into her leather belt, and within the blanket, rolled into a tight bundle and strapped to her saddle bow, was hidden a bottle of cold tea, some lemons, and a paste-board box filled with food. She had come to stay.

If I tell you she also hid in her pocket several sticks of gum, do not be disgusted. She knew that chewing often relieves thirst by exciting the salivary glands to greater activity, and she only intended to resort to the Vassar remedy when cold tea and lemons failed.

All day she stood in line. At night she ate and drank, then wrapped her blanket about her, and gazed up at the stars. Something in her quiet, self contained manner prevented approach or insult, and several decent looking men, with more than one woman, were in her immediate vicinity, so she felt no fear. In fact, all physical feeling seemed in abeyance.

She had started on this mad scheme in a mood of strained excitement. Her lover's continued silence, her hateful, monotonously barren existence, her festering discontent with all her surroundings, only intensified by her school years away from home—all this had wrought her feelings to a pitch where almost any act was possible. Physical limitations seemed overcome by sheer brain force and nervous tension. She hardly thought of food or drink, and she bore the heat and crowding of the weary wait, only half comprehending their full measure of suffering, so deeply was her mind disturbed by thoughts of her estranged lover, and of the dreary life stretching before her, year upon year, as the prairie stretched before her door, wave upon wave, to the furthest limits of earth and sky.

If she gave a suppressed groan, now and then, it was because of mental suffering only; and if her face, beneath its grime of dust and sweat, was drawn and pallid, it was because the brain above never ceased from tensest thought. Nor did the strain loosen till her registration was accomplished, and she knew that she was enrolled as a land claimant. Then for a time tired nature succumbed, and she dropped into a sleep which knit up the raveled tissues once more, and made Saturday's awful ride a possibility.

Our beloved Uncle Sam's method of distributing his largess is certainly open to criticism, though it may not be easy to suggest a better way. It only affords another proof of the fact that a law which cannot be backed by main strength only hampers the honest citizen, while giving every opportunity to the knave. The decrees enforcing registration before founding a claim, and forbidding the claimant from setting foot upon the government lands before the signal at noon of the 16th of September, were intended only to keep out "sooners" and blacklegs; but they occasioned great delay and suffering to the honest settler, without accomplishing this intent, and caused a shameful, bloody struggle, which could only end in defeat for the better element. To make the distribution fair, there should have been a cordon of soldiery surrounding the Cherokee strip for a week's interval, at least; but that was deemed impossible. So the "sooners" hid in every clump and hollow, screened by dead leaves and branches, to spring into the best places after the signal, and seize their dishonest claims long before the law abiding settler upon his swiftest horse could enter the boundaries of his promised land.

That brave race for homes, with its endurance and agonies, ending too often in frightful tragedy, as nature's fiery mood and man's fiercer passions conspired to torture and kill, has passed into history. If older nations shake their heads and smile over the "generosities" of our great government, can we wonder?

It was five minutes to twelve on that brassy, sand swept Saturday, and Lucy Reade, mounted on her brave chestnut, stood with many thousand others in that mighty line of battle, ready for the charge. It was a charge where speed and pluck were the weapons, chicanery and greed the enemy, and where victory meant a home!

Lucy's teeth were set, and her breath came in gasps. Was her courage to fail her



now? In the midst of these rough, profane men, informed by the dominating sentiment of greed, was she to "flunk" and fail? No! She bit her white under lip to redness, she drew herself up to her full height, and grasped the reins more firmly in her gauntleted hand.

Hark—a gun! The flag at the military barracks yonder drops to the ground. It is the signal!

Instantly, as if moved by one wild spirit of freedom and defiance (for the carrying of firearms has been strictly prohibited) there is an answering volley from hundreds of revolvers discharged into the air. Then amid the roar, the smoke, and the yells from thousands of thirst dried throats, the line of battle starts forward—not at a walk, not at a quickstep, but at a run!

Lucy is nearly paralyzed for an instant, but Bonnie Belle is not. She is off like the bolt from a catapult, pounding through the dust and straining at her bridle.

For a few moments it is all a daze, a delirium, to the girl. Then her senses come back, her nerves steady themselves. The dust filled whirl about her resolves itself into hazy forms of horse and rider at highest tension, of ungainly prairie schooners lurching wildly by after their galloping horses, of a figure or two thrown, with bitter cries, into the very midst of the *mêlée*.

She sickens, and fixes her gaze between the mare's ears, resolved not to look, though every now and then a howl, an oath, or a hoarse laugh will break in upon the steady roar of the numberless hoof beats. Bonnie Belle, slim, quick, and graceful as a woman, and with the female genius for persistence, seizes every opening.

After a time, during which Lucy has been simply swept along, as easily and with as little conscious volition as are the planets through space, she finds herself among a still rougher element in this strange race. She has outstripped the honest householder, and reached the reckless cowboy, leading the train. As she perceives this, and notes the motley crew pressing her closely on every side, for the first time a womanly tremor thrills her breast. She knows their lawlessness well, and gives a quick, anxious glance about her at their swarthy, careless faces. At the same instant they greet her presence among them with rough cries of gallantry, which make her heart beat thick and fast. If she had only stayed in the safer crowd behind! But Bonnie Belle is quite beyond her control now. She has settled to her gait, and has no thought of anything but first place in this heat. She has

known cowboys before, carried them, too, and she proposes to keep her position with them now!

Lucy is half ashamed of her tremors, but they are acutely real, nevertheless. It is a horribly lonesome thing for a girl to be riding, unattended, over the open prairie amid such a crowd of irresponsible men. If there were but one friendly face in sight!

She turns her head uneasily for a glance back over her shoulder, catches one swift, hazy glimpse of a face that is familiar in spite of its dusty disguise, and before she has time to wonder hears the sudden exclamation—"Lucy!"

The next instant the other rider's horse is at her side, his hand is touching hers, and for one blissful minute she cannot see for tears, as she murmurs,

"Oh, Charlie, I'm so glad!"

It is the only explanation necessary. The glance, the tone of perfect trust, are enough for the most exacting heart, and from that moment the hard ride is for both but a swift rush for Eden.

At first Bonnie Belle resents the big roan pressing her flanks, but as a wet sponge is passed swiftly between her frothing jaws, bringing relief and refreshment, she ceases to fret, and the two pound along side by side, a well matched pair. Side by side, with now and then a low word, brief but full of meaning, the two riders leave the seventeen miles behind them, and their good steeds, reeking with foam but still sound in wind, bring them to the government quarters which mark the center of Perry just sixty minutes after the signal gun.

Lucy drops to the ground in a little heap, nearly spent, while Charlie, flinging her both bridles, has quickly staked out two desirable claims which will soon be worth their thousands. Meanwhile the helpful girl has pulled herself together, and is caring for the noble beasts as best she can, when Charlie stations her beside him to hold their own against the rush.

It was a wild, tumultuous moment, but they are close together, and his hand clasps hers, while he bends closer.

"Lucy, dearest, you can give your claim to the old folks—mine is for you! There'll be a minister along pretty soon, and my tent is coming by the first train. Why should we wait? Let us be married, and begin right here—together. Will you, darling?"

And clear amid the yells, the shooting, the mad rush of incoming settlers, half crazed with thirst, fatigue, and excitement, he plainly hears her honest answer, "Yes!"

## THE CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

*The clever little actors and actresses who have appeared in "Fauntleroy" and similar plays—Their precocious talents, their successes, their ambitions, and the safeguards thrown about them by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.*

By Arthur Hornblow.

IN no country has the child of tender years been permitted to hold so important a place on the stage as in the United States; and this in spite of laws, in force in every State except Kansas, which forbid children under the age of sixteen years from appearing in a theatrical exhibition, and in spite of the strongest and most persevering opposition, in this State, from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The stage child has been an institution since the earliest days of our theatrical history, and many of our favorite players began their careers as such. Joseph Jefferson was a child of the stage. So were Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Minnie Maddern, Helen Dauvray, and many others. But while juvenile prodigies were always plentiful, they never appeared in any extraordinary numbers until after the production of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which at once passed among the children's classics, and made every infant that could lisp a dozen consecutive words sigh for the center of the stage.

From that time on, the child actor and actress became a public craze. *Little Lord Fauntleroy*s sprang up on every side, and every new play produced had its child interest. Some of the old plays were revised, and juvenile parts were written in. The result was that clever children were in brisk demand, and commanded large salaries. But the reaction soon came. The fickle public tired of its fad, and dozens of children who were being rapidly coached for stage honors found it impossible to secure engagements. This change in

the taste of theater goers explains why there are fewer stage children before the public today than a year or two ago.

The youthful stars, however, and their parents, tell a different story. They deny that public interest in the stage child has waned, and say that their enforced inactivity is due solely to the merciless warfare waged against them by Elbridge T. Gerry and his society. They affirm that the theatrical managers, through fear of Mr. Gerry's interference, discourage the dramatists from writing parts for children, and that, in consequence, nearly four hundred of them are thus deprived of the means of earning a livelihood.

As this is one of the most interesting phases of the stage children question, and as the constitutionality of the present law is about to be questioned at Albany, it may be of interest to the reader to know exactly what the statute says, and also what position the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children takes in the matter.

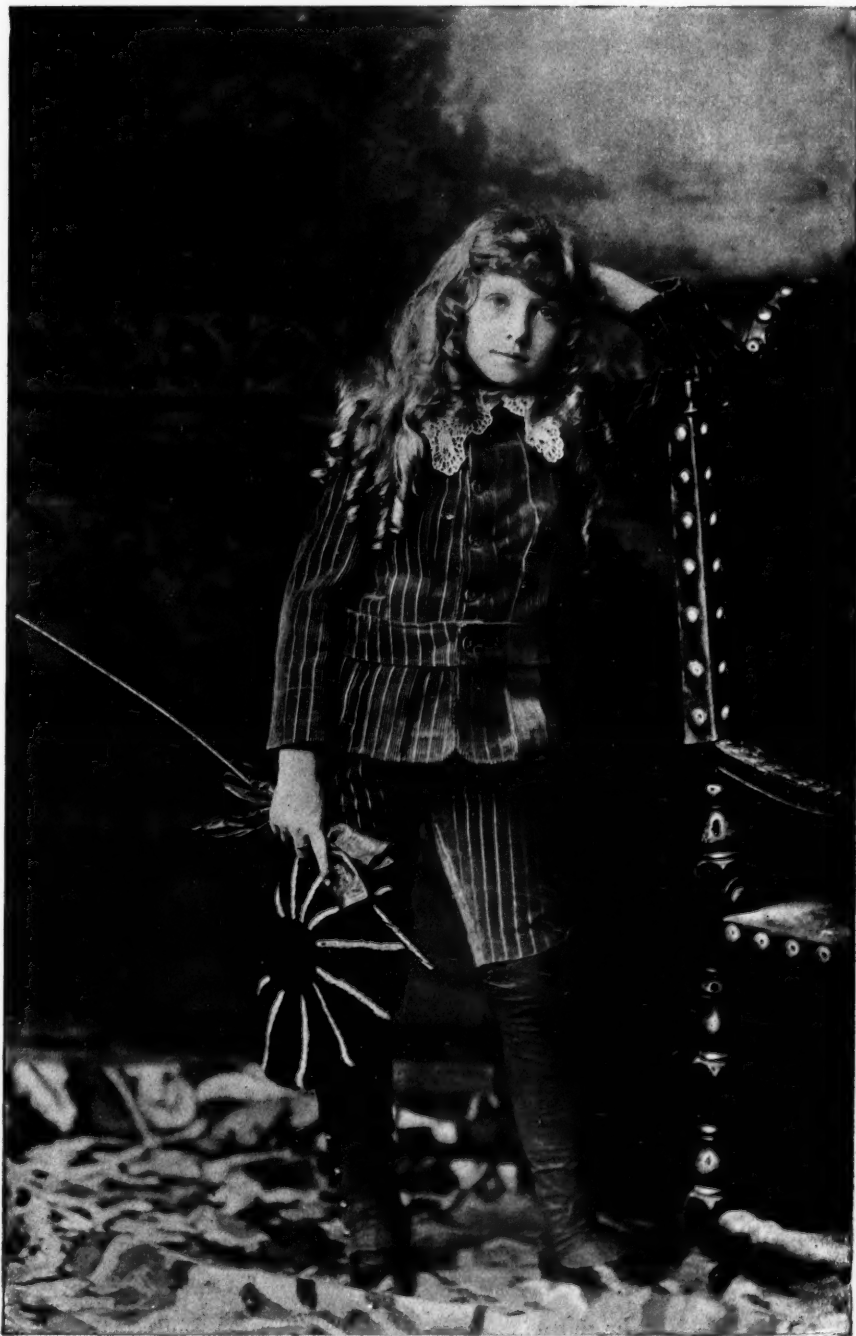
The New York Penal Code, which may be taken as a type of the statutes in force, says (section 292):

"A person who employs or causes to be employed, or who exhibits, uses, or has in custody or trains for the purpose of exhibition, use, or employment, any child apparently or actually under the age of sixteen years—

"Or who neglects or refuses to restrain such a child from such training or from engaging or acting either in peddling, singing, or playing upon a musical instrument or in a theatrical exhibition—

"Is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Quite recently it was the privilege of



Elsie Leslie as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."  
*From a photograph—Copyright, 1888, by Napoleon Sarony, New York.*



Wallie Eddinger.

*From a photograph by Stevens, Chicago.*

the writer to have a chat on this subject with Mr. Gerry, the president of the society. "It is a great mistake," he said, "for the actors to think I am not their friend. I am a friend of the stage, but I am a better friend of the children. I consider the proper development of the child more important to the commonwealth than the development of the drama. But I deny that I interfere with children simply because they are appearing on the boards. I interpret the law according to its spirit, not according to its letter. It is said that I discriminate, and it is true. If I chose to follow up the law to the full power it gives to me—or to you or anybody who may choose to prosecute—I or you could stop



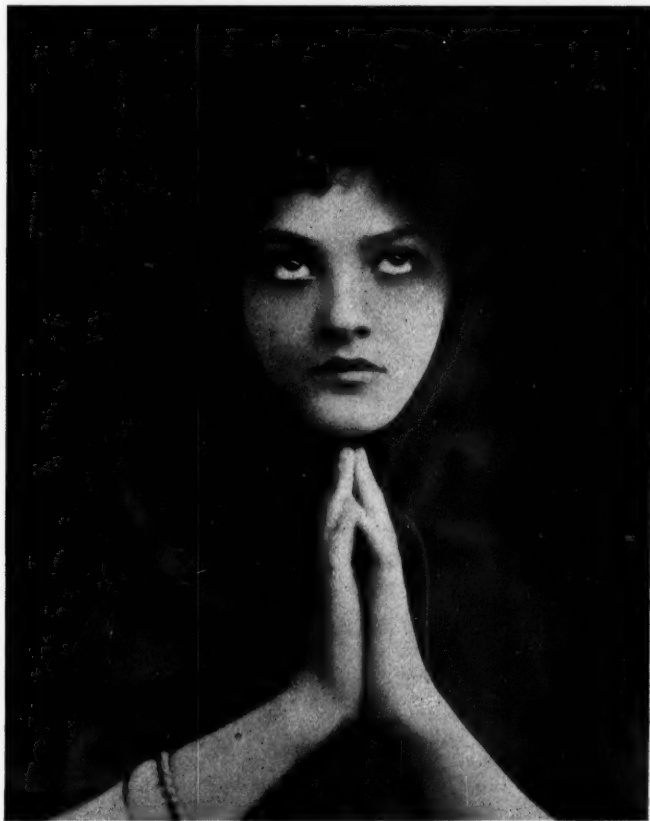
Little Ruby.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

every child at present on the stage from appearing further. The law is explicit. It says that children shall not appear in theatrical exhibitions. If I discriminate, you must concede it is generous. I, however, do not look on it in that light. It is just.

"Take, for instance, a child under six-

both behind the scenes and in front of the house, are unexceptionable. But if that same child is taken down to the Bowery, where the audiences are mainly composed of thieves and prostitutes, and is made to do some silly little song or dance, we consider it our duty to step in and stop the performance.



Nanon Fowler.

teen, appearing at Mr. Daly's or Mr. Frohman's theater. Do you suppose that child runs the same risks and is in the same peril as if she or he were nightly performing in the Bowery, or in some spectacular exhibition appropriately termed a "leg show"? In the first named theater the child, provided it is not assigned to a task beyond its strength, is not harmed physically nor morally, because the atmosphere of those play-houses is pure, and the surroundings,

"We draw the line at acrobatic acts, and singing and dancing—at the former because it is dangerous to the child's health and limbs; at the latter because it is silly, and, as I have said, is invariably done to please audiences that can only exercise a most pernicious influence on the child's moral character.

"What is so abominable, so infamous, as to see healthy parents, perfectly able to earn their own living, forcing their children to support them? It is wrong;



it is anti American ; it is disgraceful. In too many cases these unnatural parents, too lazy to work themselves, will willingly and knowingly sell their offspring's health and happiness in order that they may stay idle or, what is worse, drink their children's earnings away.

legislative result of an elaborate investigation into the relative physical strength of children.

"The reasons that exist for the necessity of this law are simple, and will commend themselves to every one that sympathizes with the helpless. First, the exhibitions prohibited are physically



Cyril Tyler.

"The future of the people of these United States of America lies in their care for their young. In every State in the Union laws have been framed for the protection of young children, not merely against brutal assaults and wilful neglect, but also against the rapacity of ignorant or avaricious parents or guardians. The laws governing theatrical exhibitions of children forbid such exhibitions under the age of sixteen as the limit of such protection, and as the

injurious to the children. They deprive them of their natural rest, and subject them to unnecessary physical efforts which engender disease. Thus a child of tender years is forced to sing and dance at night, half clad in a scanty theatrical costume, in a theater where drafts are incessant, and where the exertion of the performance constantly overheats the system. In the second place, such children must necessarily lose their education. Much time is

spent at rehearsal, which unfits them for study, and thus they lose the best and only equipment for the battle of life. Children of tender years have a natural disinclination to study. Hence the law makes education compulsory. But when children are on the stage they are never in a fit condition to study, for when not actually performing they are absorbed with their stage business, which to them is far more palatable. And they gain nothing in return for the loss of their education. Singing at an early age in public almost invariably strains and cracks the vocal cords, and, in many cases, what with proper care might have proved to be a fine voice



La Regaioncita.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Essner Chickering, Boston.*

has been prematurely weakened and even entirely destroyed."



Ofelita.

Mr. Gerry says much that is true. His society has worked incalculable good in protecting helpless children from avaricious and cruel parents, and that there are many such there is no question. It is also true that stage life interferes with a child's education at a time when its mind is most impressionable, and that it tends to unfit the child for the more serious duties of life. Nevertheless, it is very difficult to see why Mr. Gerry has interfered with some children and has left others unmolested. Last season, for instance, he attempted unsuccessfully to interfere with the children that appeared in "Shore Acres" at Daly's, where the moral atmosphere of play and playhouse was unimpeachable; and he prevented the appearance of Alice Pierce in "Hannele" at the Fifth Avenue.



Alice Pierce.

*From a photograph by Puch, New York.*

Alice Pierce, who was originally called Vasta, the child wonder, is one of the most notable of our stage children. She was born in Boston in 1878, both her parents being actors. Alice first made her reputation by her remarkable imitations of Bernhardt, Duse, and Irving. She saw Madame Duse in "Fedora," and when she went home she gave an exact imitation of the celebrated actress, even to the Italian tongue, of which she does not know a word. Her gesture and intonation, showing all the emotion of the grown woman in a frail little body

hardly in its teens, may well be termed extraordinary.

Alice longed to go on the stage in a real part, and finally she obtained the position of understudy to little Margaret Field in "Roger La Honte." During this engagement the long waited for opportunity came. One night Margaret sent word to the theater that she was sick and unable to play. Alice, overjoyed, hastened to the dressing room, made up for the part, and was just leaving to take her cue when she heard on the stairs the step of Margaret Field, who had recovered and concluded to play. In her fury at this disappointment, and resolved not to be balked in



Alma.

*From a photograph by Lindenmuth, Allentown, Pa.*

her ambition, Alice picked up her rival's dresses and flung them out of the open window, thus putting little Field out of all possibility of playing. Then she went down and on calmly with her part.

When, after a somewhat sharp contest with Mr. Gerry, the Rosenfelds suc-

ceeded in producing "Hannele" at the Fifth Avenue, but without Alice Pierce in the title rôle, for which she had been cast, it was a sad disappointment to the young girl. On that memorable first night she sat in an obscure corner of the theater, watching the actress who had replaced her, and vainly trying to keep back the tears that welled up from her broken little heart. Such faith, however, have the Rosenfelds in her that they have signed a contract with her for

ten years to come, and they may yet let her be seen in the rôle of *Hannele*. They believe that she has in her the making of a great actress.

As a rule, however, clever stage children do not carry out the promise they gave when young. In explanation of



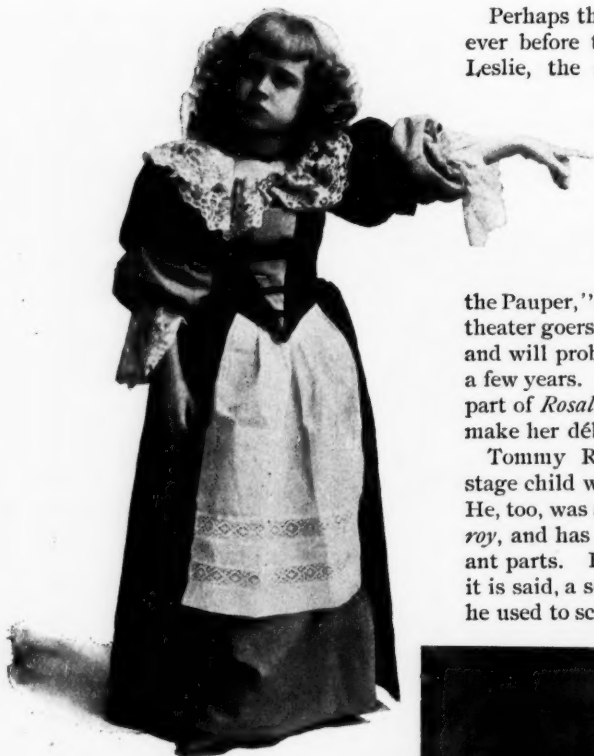
Baby Leland.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

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this it may be said that the characteristic influences of the theater are bad for the natural instincts of the child, and tend to limit its powers within certain fixed lines. The children who are permitted to perform exert themselves too much and so exhaust their vitality.

Another child who no doubt shudders at the name of Mr. Gerry, is little Mildred Ewer, or La Regaloncita. She is the daughter of Dr. Fernando A. Ewer, of Chili, and her first appearance in pub-



Percita.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

lic occurred on December 19, 1891, at a benefit at the Standard Theater. She had previously danced in private drawing rooms, and it was announced that La Regalancita would do her wonderful dances at the benefit. But Mr. Gerry forbade the dancing, and recitations were given instead. The child's talent in this direction sufficed to make a hit, and from that time La Regalancita was a public favorite. She has danced frequently in other cities. Quite recently her mother was arrested and imprisoned for allowing the child to dance in spite of the injunctions of Mr. Gerry's society. The case is now awaiting final settlement in the courts. Mrs. Ewer's counsel has determined to question the constitutionality of the law concerning stage children, and thus decide the matter once and for all.

Perhaps the most popular stage child ever before the public was little Elsie Leslie, the original *Lord Fauntleroy*.

She is becoming a big Elsie Leslie now, and has practically ended her career as a stage child. Her performances of the little hero in Mrs. Burnett's famous play, and also in "The Prince and the Pauper," will long be remembered by theater goers. Elsie is now at school, and will probably return to the stage in a few years. She has been studying the part of *Rosalind* for some time, and may make her début in that character.

Tommy Russell is another famous stage child who has temporarily retired. He, too, was a well known *Lord Fauntleroy*, and has played a number of important parts. His advance in years was, it is said, a source of sadness to him, and he used to scrape his girlish chin with a



Walter Leon.



razor every day to keep "those nasty whiskers away." He is now at school, and is studying electrical engineering.

Wallie Eddinger is a handsome boy

fifteen, was considered the most beautiful child actress ever on the stage. Her features were perfect, and her figure a marvel of grace and beauty. Sculptors



Gertie Homans.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

with a wealth of wavy hair so fair as to look almost white. He is very clever, and has been seen in all the children's parts worth playing. Last season he played the little boy in "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Gertie Homans, who is now nearly

made busts of her; painters put her on canvas. She is said to have inspired a passion in the youthful bosom of Tommy Russell, and the courtship of these two pretty children amused the Rialto for a long time. The attachment was discovered through a letter found in Tom-



George Mason Purdy.

*From a photograph by Hastings, Boston.*

my's pocket, in which the young gallant told Gertie of his undying love, and suggested that they should marry when they were seventeen, and then star together. Unfortunately it seems that in some way Master Russell's hopes were blighted, for the proposed combination has not yet been arranged.

Cyril Tyler, the boy soprano, who hopes one day to become a famous tenor, is at present—or was very recently—in Europe on a visit to Madame Patti at Craigynos. The boy has curious hobbies, one of which is to play with keys and locks. It is said that he never travels without an assortment of both, and as he goes from place to place he puts all the locks in order that he sees. If they happen to be in good order, he smashes them, so as to give himself the pleasure of making them all right again.

A child who received much honor abroad this summer is Little Ruby, the dancer. During her three months' stay in London, from which she returned to America in August, the little girl appeared at Marlborough House and at many of the residences of the nobility. The Prince of Wales gave her a heart shaped pendant set with diamonds and rubies, and the princess presented her with a pin set with a shell amethyst and diamonds. She also received numerous medals, and has been invited to return again next season to dance before the queen.

Walter Leon, the boy orator, who can speak extemporaneously on all kinds of subjects; Ofelita, a wonderful little dancer; Nanon Fowler, nine years old, who will be with Jefferson next season; Baby Parker, who has played with Jefferson, Charles A. Gardner, and others; Georgina Monroe, Edna Spring-



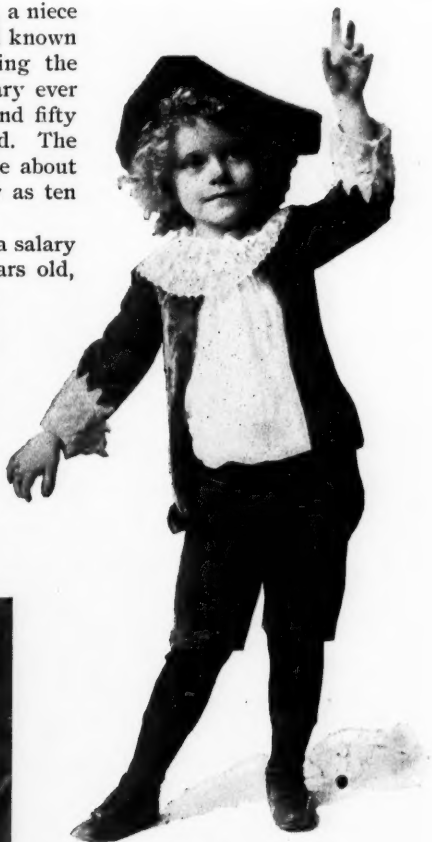
Georgina Monroe.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1893, by Napoleon Sarony, New York.*

er, George Mason Purdy; Baby Leland, a niece of Nanette Comstock—these are all well known children who earn good salaries during the season. Undoubtedly the largest salary ever paid to a child was the two hundred and fifty dollars weekly that Elsie Leslie received. The earnings of less noted children average about forty dollars a week, and fall as low as ten dollars.

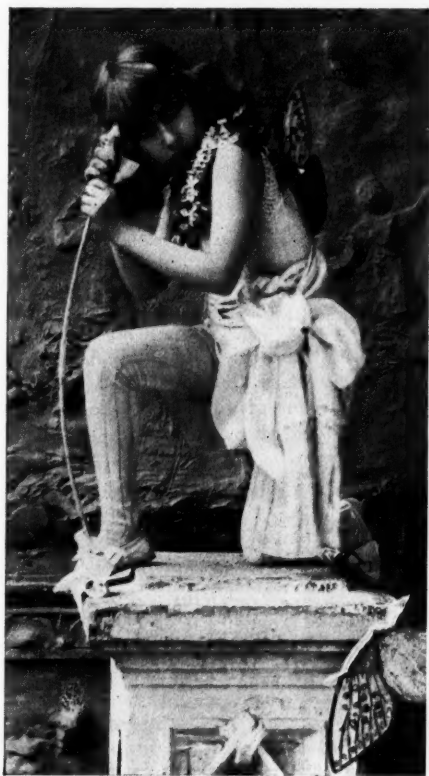
Little Percita West, who commands a salary of forty dollars a week, is only five years old, and is properly called the child wonder. She sings, recites, and acts, and last season was seen in New York at the Empire Theater in "The Younger Son."

Baby Spencer, who has played with J. K. Emmet's and other well known organizations; Alma Doerge, a French quadrille dancer, nine years of age; Little Tuesday, a charming little dancer; Margaret Field, and Anna



Baby Spencer.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1892, by Napoleon Sarony, New York.*



Edna Springer.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

Laughlin, pretty nearly complete the list of the well known stage children. Among the less prominent are Gladys Laird, Mabel Taliaferro, Master Earle Lee, Johnnie McKeever, Elsie Lower, Mabel Earle, Annie Robinson, Little Lillian, Dot Clarendon, Lucella Shirley, and others. Indeed, did space permit, this list might be lengthened to many times its present proportions.

Every year, about Christmas time, these children have a festival organized by a group of charitable women in the theatrical profession, including Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Mrs. Tony Pastor, Mrs. Beaumont Packard, and Mrs. Fernandez, mother of that once famous stage child Bijou Fernandez. The festival takes place in New York, at

## A GENERAL INVITATION.



Tommy Russell as "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

Tony Pastor's theater, and hundreds of dollars' worth of toys and candy are given to the boys and girls. On those occasions, and only then, do these juvenile luminaries of the American stage lay aside their theatrical airs and frills, and enter into the fun like the real children that they are.

## A GENERAL INVITATION.

It's like old wine, supremely rare,  
 This bracing, cool October air!  
 It moves the dulllest heart to song;  
 The flagging pulse beats full and strong;  
 It thrills each nerve; it clears the brain;  
 It makes the old feel young again;  
 It puts the thought in Jack Frost's head  
 To paint the gaudy maples red!

I offer you this brimming cup.  
 The treat's on me; I'll set 'em up!  
 Come one, come all, I do not care;  
 Come breathe this grand October air!

*Harry Romaine.*

## THE KAISER AND HIS FAMILY.

*The personality of the young ruler who holds the balance of power in Europe—Glimpses of the home life of his court—His empress, and his seven "boys," one of whom is a girl.*

By Henry W. Fischer.

THE German Emperor reprimanded aunt, the Princess of Noer, *née* Miss for petty thievery! Impossible, Lee of New York, entered into some you say; but I saw it done, and in his own capital, too.

It was in 1893, at the memorial banquet held in honor of the late "Red Prince," Frederick Charles of Prussia, the conqueror of Metz, at the Kaiserhof in Berlin. Many of the heroes of 1870-71 were there—generals now retired or on the eve of retiring; Blumenthal, the tactician who directed the impetuosity of "Unser Fritz" into channels that led to success; Von Pape, Commander of the Guards, and princes of the houses of Saxe and of Hohenzollern. General von Pape is still the crusty old soldier, who can be relied upon to out-sit twelve hours of fighting in the saddle, but the rest, whose names are engraved on the pages of history, serve their king now by valued council only, and live in the mind of the army as representatives of proud tradition.

Among the comparatively "new" men—so styled because the young emperor raised them to their high office—Count Waldersee was the most conspicuous. This general, who by his marriage to the empress'



Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany,  
From a photograph by *Selle & Kuntze, Potsdam.*





The Six German Princes and their Baby Sister.

sort of relationship with his sovereign, is the only man on earth privileged to treat his imperious majesty in familiar fashion. It is said that the emperor sometimes bestows on the count the epithet of "uncle," coupled with the hearty "thou," that term of endearment which the royal Hohenzollerns have made their own since the days of Queen Louise.

On this occasion the official program was over, and the gentlemen sipped their coffee while conversing quietly. The emperor had invited Chancellor von Caprivi to his side for a private confab. The two seemed to be engrossed in their subject, and Waldersee, sitting opposite, felt lonely and perhaps a little bit jealous too. Suddenly the count was

seen to unfasten a golden pencil from his watch chain, mark one of the menu cards, and hand it to the servant behind his chair with directions. The man bowed, and a minute later presented the card on a silver salver to his majesty.

The emperor has a habit of decorating his menu cards with all sorts of drawings, and on taking the pasteboard from the servant probably assumed that one of his friends, as he styles those admitted to his circle, was submitting a new idea or motto suitable to the occasion. After reading the marked passage, however, he at first looked surprised, then reddened. He thrust his hand into the side pocket of his hussar jacket, and appeared annoyed.

Count Waldersee had expected this.

"Your majesty was caught in the act," he cried. "This means a fine or imprisonment, as sure as there are judges in Berlin."

But the Kaiser apparently did not

appropriate some dessert, if he had seven boys at home, or one for that matter. But not being a father, his majesty says, Count Waldersee utterly fails to understand the situation."



Victoria, Queen of Prussia, German Empress.

*From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.*

relish the joke. His face wrapped in unusual severity, he turned to the servant, saying,

"I beg Major von Moltke—at once."

The adjutant reported, bowing low, when William caught him around the neck and whispered to him. Moltke then went over to Waldersee, and standing upright, military fashion, reported as follows: "The Kaiser presents his compliments to his excellency his uncle, submitting that the general, in spite of his lofty notions, might be tempted to

The message (I have given it literally, preserving its quaint official style) was delivered with telling effect, while the distinguished audience, that had noticed the incident, sat breathless. Then William broke the spell by reassuming his jovial attitude.

"If my distinguished relative," he said with bonhomie, "had a voice like Eulenburg, I would order him to sing from 'Giroflé-Girofla':"

"In mir seht ihr den Vater—  
Was moeglich war, dass that er."



William II, King of Prussia, German Emperor.

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the portrait by P. Beckert.*

The passage on the menu card read as follows :

"Guests are requested not to take dessert from the table. Hotel keepers' regulations, §14."

Of course it had no business on the bill of fare of a great banquet, and an imperial one at that. The hotel man said afterwards, apologetically, that it was the stupid printer's fault, but there it stood out in bold long primer, threatening the dire things Waldersee had announced as the penalty fitting the crime of crowding one's pockets with sweetmeats at the caterers' expense. "And," he continued, "his majesty is an old offender in that respect."

The mightiest monarch of the age remembering the little "sweet tooth," seven of them, in their brass cribs at home, just after delivering a world stirring eulogy to the memory of a victorious ancestor, who assisted, sword in hand, in the reshaping of Europe by three bloody wars!

"He is not normal," the critically inclined Berliners say. That is a standing phrase and rebuke with them. I have often tried to get at the exact meaning, in German, of the term, and after considering the many sided opinions volunteered, must perforce conclude that "normal" and "commonplace" are synonymous with the people of the Kaiserstadt, who, in spite of their vaunted progressiveness, have an almost bigoted way of "shying" at things surpassing their individual possibilities.

The Kaiser is always ahead of popular thought. He is a rapid thinker, and having settled a matter in his mind, he acts with surprising promptness.

Another thing about this emperor that startles and almost frightens the placid German mind, is his pronounced individuality—some call it his hankering for notoriety—in all matters of public or private concern. He has introduced novelty after novelty in the administration of state affairs, and has labeled almost every one of them with the autocratic motto, "*suprema lex regis voluntas*"—"the king's will is the highest law"—a definition of his

office that is at once offensive and untenable under the constitutional regime of Prussia and Germany.

I heard Count Waldersee's opinion on this subject.

"The Kaiser," said the strategist and diplomat, "is too proud and too conscientious ever to overstep the limits of his power; but at the same time he considers himself in duty bound to enforce law and discipline by personal exertions, if necessary. The growing demoralization of the masses by the socialistic and anarchistic propaganda only tends to strengthen in the Kaiser the inborn belief of his high mission. It so happens that occasionally, in his utterances, in his recommendations, in his orders, excessive enthusiasm carries him too far, makes him shoulder responsibilities which, strictly speaking, are outside of his domain."

I wonder what Americans would say if the Kaiser followed his inclination and visited this country. At a banquet given to the World's Fair commissioners by the late William Walter Phelps, as minister to Berlin, Chancellor von Caprivi discussed the matter quite freely.

"It all depends on the progress of ocean steamship building and—the enemy," he said. "His majesty calculates as follows—journey to New York at least six days, return trip six days more; in all, an absence of at least twelve days to two weeks—a period long enough for the French to declare war and proceed to Strassburg. If the enemy was appeased, or the duration of the journey materially reduced, so as to be covered by the period of mobilization, for instance, the Kaiser would not hesitate to undertake it."

Since this statement was made the great Atlantic greyhounds have given renewed promise of the wished for increase in speed. Next spring Wilhelm means to test the stability of Germany's peaceful relations with France by a visit to the French capital. If the dangerous experiment be crowned with success, we may then confidently expect the Kaiser to visit us. He will surround himself with all the pomp and circum-

stance of his station, no doubt, and in many respects his will be the most interesting and epoch making visit ever made to this country by royalty.

In one respect, however, the people of this country, on beholding William, will experience disappointment. The Kaiser is not as handsome as his portraits. He is "too carroty," as they say in London. I had him under my camera, literally and mentally, for hours, and should say that he deeply feels the necessity of emphasizing his physical importance by the artifice of posing. Not that he means to hide the one great defect in his physical make up, his dwarfed left arm; the emperor is far from being sensitive on that point; but his aim seems to be to look the soldier, the imperator, not only in his outward dress, but by assuming a certain haughty and studied mien that is most foreign to his general disposition. For no matter what uninitiated, ill disposed, and sensation mongering writers of the present day may say of the second William, he will go down to history as an eminently humane, high minded, and well intentioned man. He has the characteristics which distinguish his mother, the Empress Frederick, and which made his father the beloved of all nations.

It was the good sense and noble spirit of the then Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia that led to the engagement of their son, the heir presumptive, to the daughter of a penniless and deposed prince.

"Victoria is not very pretty, but her heart is the best in the world," said his mother.

They married, and a year later Berlin enjoyed the spectacle of viewing four generations of imperial Hohenzollerns riding in triumph through the grand Brandenburger Gate. Since then little princes have continued to arrive until the half dozen was complete, and the empress, in despair, laid aside the blue ribboned "layette" intended for the long wished for daughter. But finally Victoria Louise was born, to fill the old Schloss on the Spree with joy, to depopulate the female prisons of the empire, and to provide the maternity homes

throughout Prussia with a hundred outfits each for the like of her.

Is she pretty? The little brothers seem to think so as they crowd around her cradle. Besides, Prussian princesses are all celebrated for their grace and beauty—all with the exception of the younger daughters of the Empress Frederick.

The Kaiser makes no distinction in the sex of his offspring, and when speaking of his children always refers to them as his "boys," who from the youngest to the oldest stand equally high in his affections. We have tripped up his majesty in a bold game for winning the favor of his little ones; and it is only proper to add that Count Waldersee was right when he remarked that the Kaiser was an old hand at carrying away sweetmeats. The Kaiserin, when dining out, usually lends assistance, and in the course of the season spoils many a gown and costly muff that way.

The imperial children are a good deal like those of ordinary mortals. Being ruled very strictly in the matter of diet, they all relish an occasional "extra" as a stroke of good luck and a great luxury.

William, like a sensible man, leaves the physical care of his boys entirely to the mother. Military and civil governors attend to their education in the sciences, in art, in gymnastics, and in outdoor exercises such as riding, driving, and shooting. With their fifth year they practically enter upon their military career, and on his tenth birthday each prince receives a patent as lieutenant of the First Foot Guards, to which is attached the usual pay.

The empress, as already intimated, is not noted for beauty, but her face, resplendent with fresh color and bright eyes, and surmounted by a wealth of silky blonde hair, reflects so vividly her goodness of heart, her motherly virtues, her true piety and intelligence, as to be at once attractive and full of interest.

Little Eitel Fritz, the second son, who shows a decided disposition to evade education of any kind, is perhaps for that very reason his mother's favorite. The Crown Prince Frederick William,



now in his twelfth year, is so advanced in his studies and so determined of mind that the Kaiser thinks of establishing him in a separate household with a retinue of his own, where he may learn at an early age to administer his own affairs and manage his fortune. This chiefly consists of the dukedom of Oels and a considerable appanage.

We are occasionally assured that the Anglo Saxon race will rule the world.

The present German Emperor, holding the balance of power in Europe, is more of an Anglo Saxon in his ideas, tastes, and habits, than a Teuton. He speaks our language fluently, and with slight accent only. As to his boy, the future emperor, his pronounciation of the queen's English is perfect, and his flow of language remarkable for one so young.

Really, the world progresses !



## BROTHERS.

SPIDER,  
At my window spinning,  
Weaving circles wider, wider,  
From the deft beginning;

Running  
Wheels and spokes until you  
Build your silken death trap cunning,  
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,  
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,  
Death's your only aim and calling—  
Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee?  
Not for rapine wilful.  
Man himself is too much like thee,  
Only not so skilful.

Rife in  
Thee lives our Creator;  
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in:  
I am nothing greater.

*George Horton.*

# THE SILVER THREAD.\*

By Lieut. John Lloyd,

*Author of "Captain Adair's Wife."*

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JOHN STANDISH, a young mining engineer, is summoned to Tombstone, Arizona, to save the Lady Jane mine from a threatened influx of water. He is astounded on his arrival there to meet Katherine Halloran, the girl whom he had met and loved the previous summer in the East. She had apparently reciprocated his affection then, and had promised to marry him, but had suddenly gone away, leaving Standish no explanatory message or clue to her whereabouts. He is naturally puzzled, but his love has not waned, and he longs to regain the place in her affections he seems to have lost. There is another suitor for Katherine's hand—Croft, a Tombstone banker, to whom her father is heavily indebted. Between Mr. Halloran and Croft there is also a secret as to the rightful ownership of the Silver Thread mine, ostensibly owned by the former—a secret connected in some way with an old uncle of Standish. Becoming jealous of the young engineer, Croft tries to poison Katherine's mind against him, by asserting that he is endeavoring to steal away her father's property. These misrepresentations shake Katherine's faith in Standish, whom she still loves, and influenced by her father's intimation that he can see no other way of escape from his financial troubles, she promises to marry the banker.

Jack Torrance, the son of the superintendent of the Lady Jane, has become infatuated with Fanny de Vere, a singer in the Pretty-by-Night Saloon in Tombstone. This causes his mother great distress. Thinking to wean him from what she considers evil associations, Mrs. Torrance helps to arrange a dance. Her plans are frustrated, however, by the meddlesome disposition of a Mrs. Savage, who discloses to Jack his mother's motive. Young Torrance thereupon hastily departs, with the avowed intention of escorting Miss de Vere from the saloon to her home.

In the mean time Standish has sought and obtained an interview with Katherine Halloran, and from her learns of her engagement to Croft. This maddens the engineer, who is aware of a liaison existing between the banker and Jenny, a dancer at the Pretty-by-Night; and he denounces the man as a scoundrel. Katherine, ignorant of the true cause of his outburst, reproaches him for it, and Standish leaves her, in sore anger and perplexity.

The young engineer has learned that the owners of the Silver Thread are digging for a new and rich lode lately discovered in the Lady Jane. At the same time he becomes convinced that the first blow of a pick which strikes the vein will flood their mine. When he communicates this state of affairs to Torrance, the latter expresses a determination to allow the Thread miners to continue their operations, and repay by the impending catastrophe the perfidy of their employers. This conversation is overheard by a miner, who informs his comrades.

On leaving the dance hall, Standish encounters the superintendent, who announces that the miners are about to inaugurate a general strike. They hastily arrange to fill the places of the malcontents with men from Bisbee, and to defend

the new employees and their works from attack. While perfecting his plans, Mr. Torrance wishes Jack's assistance, and finding him gone from the dance hall, sends after him. The messenger returns shortly with a note. Mr. Torrance has moved away, and in her eagerness Mrs. Torrance opens it. It is merely a curt request that Jack's clothing be sent to the hotel, adding that he may not be at home for some days.

## XIX.

STANDISH was standing by Mrs. Torrance's side when she opened the slip of card Jack had sent back, and the hurt appeal which came into her kind face was for him. She had learned to love the young fellow, to trust him, to look upon him as something solid, something to be relied upon in this land of shifting morals. She held the note out to him mutely, and he took it and read it.

"Never mind," he whispered. "I will go after him. He must be sulking over something."

"What will his father say?"

"He will say nothing, for he will know nothing about it. There is no need to tell him. I myself will go after Jack."

"You are a dear good friend to me—to all of us!" Mrs. Torrance said.

At this point Mrs. Savage came up, bowing and smiling with extreme affability, as she took her triumphant and well dressed way through the room. No one would have imagined, to look at her, that behind that handsome face, the picture of good nature, there lay the very spirit of malicious mischief. Puck might have been an ancestor of Mrs. Savage, although somewhere down the line there must have been a strain of venom that that tricky sprite never knew.

"Where is everybody going? What's going on?" she asked in her lively tone as she came up.

"The dance is going on," Standish said quietly. "Does anything seem to be the matter? Has the supper failed to materialize at the right time? I believe poor food

\*This story began in the June number of MURSEY'S MAGAZINE. Back numbers can be ordered of any newsdealer, or from the publishers.

is the only thing that could send the people away now."

"It must be supper time;" and Mrs. Savage turned away.

"If I owned a newspaper," Standish said, as he led Mrs. Torrance toward the carriage he had hastily called, "I would employ Mrs. Savage as a star reporter. I wouldn't expect her to write anything. I would have somebody else to do that. She has an instinct, or a nose, for news. I wonder if her husband has any secrets."

But a recital of Mrs. Savage's accomplishments was as nothing to poor Mrs. Torrance's distracted mind. Her Jack was the burden of all her thoughts. Standish had seated himself in the open landau, the carriage in which high officials of the various "societies" sat and smoked cigars in the procession of a camp funeral. Now he took her hand between both his own, and comforted her silently, as her own son might have done, while the driver thought how he would have a bit of gossip to carry back to the corral. In the streets they traversed there were no signs of the tumult that was raging in the hearts of some of the men. They confined their gatherings to a half square on the other side of town.

"Who is at your house?" Standish asked.

"Nobody except the Chinaman."

"Then I think——"

"I must go there," Mrs. Torrance said hastily. "I can be at home nowhere else. You will go after Jack?"

"My dear Mrs. Torrance, how can I leave you there alone? The men are collecting. They are going to make an effort to get into the hoisting works, we fear. The two or three watchmen must be reinforced by our friends from the town. We wished to spare you any knowledge of this trouble as long as possible."

Mrs. Torrance sat erect on the seat of the carriage, and took off her gloves.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" she asked. "Am I a child? I want to see miners or anybody else disturb my house. I am mistress there yet. Go to Jack and tell him that his mother commands him to come home at once and assist his father in this disturbance. He is no son of mine if he does not."

"I will go for him," Standish said, as he gave her his hand at her own gate.

The house was dark, with only a glimmer of light from a spark somewhere near the veranda steps. The hoisting works were also silent, but even as they looked a little group of men came down the reservoir hill, and a faint light glanced along a

glittering rifle barrel. In the very air there was menace. The gleam by the veranda approached them. It was from the pipe of the watchman.

"What are you doing with that light? Put it out," Mrs. Torrance ordered. "Go around the house, toward the back. I will see to this side. Good night, Mr. Standish. Tell my husband that I am here, and this part of the property shall not be molested. Good night. Go back and send Jack to his father. Tell him I command him to come."

Standish anticipated little trouble in bringing Jack Torrance to a sense of reason. These were not the times for sentimental nonsense. He wondered if it would be better to tell him what his father thought of the warning they had had from Miss de Vere. He saw an opportunity to make Jack think that by this means Fanny had won her way, and might, now the ice was broken, go any distance; but his instinctive honesty revolted against doing anything of the sort. He entirely disapproved of Jack's infatuation. He was out of patience with it altogether, and considered anything that fostered it evil. He was not a meddler, but the stamping out of Jack's fancy he considered as his duty, if it came in his way. He wondered if the story of Jenny and Croft would not disgust the boy. He thought at any rate that he would try it.

He went straight to the hotel where Jack had ordered his things sent, but without much hope of finding him there. The gentleman who combined the offices of clerk and barkeeper said that Jack had been in, and had ordered a room.

"Torrance is goin' to light out, I s'pose, an' shut up his place. Best thing they can all do. The men will settle down when they haven't got nothin' to sass. They're all talk. I guess young Torrance ain't ready to leave just yet;" and he looked at Standish knowingly.

Standish dismissed the carriage and walked rapidly through the streets. From a window here and there came the sound of low voices, with sometimes a laugh that was not a laugh, but a disagreeable sound.

Almost in the center of the town there was a square as different from the rest as though it had been dropped from some Eastern village. There was a lawn surrounding a great white house, hemmed in by an expensive iron fence. The whole lawn was a plantation of close growing cottonwood trees, which grow in that climate with incredible rapidity when the roots are kept soaked in water. The cost of a cottonwood tree almost equaled that of those fab-

ulous plants made of hammered gold and bedewed with jewels which the Incas used to put in their houses; but expense was of no account in this house. It was the one spot in that free and easy community whose existence was ignored. Even Mrs. Savage, who did not hesitate to talk of the ways of the Pretty-by-Night, looked away when she came within sight of the Green Garden.

Within it they seemed to be holding a rival entertainment to the one in Schefflin Hall; and as the sound of its coarse revelry reached Standish's ears, he drew in his breath as though he were stifling. It seemed to him that the whole atmosphere of the town was tainted. He wanted Katherine Halloran out of it. Why should she, in her young maidenly innocence, come where such sights and sounds were forced upon her? Her father was a weak fool, the tool of a scoundrel who had even her in his power. Standish remembered seeing the low browed, bediamonded owner of this place coming from Croft's rooms. He had even heard a miner's jest that Croft could tell you, if he cared, just how expensive it was to grow cottonwood trees. The blood sang in Standish's brain, and he turned and went back toward Schefflin Hall and the mellow sound of the Fourth Cavalry band.

The band master was having his own way now, and was letting his blue eyes droop over his own enjoyment of a bit of "Lohengrin." Nobody was dancing. The men were eating supper, fortifying themselves for the coming work. Standish looked here and there through the crowd, but could not see Katherine. Up stairs he saw the flutter of a white gown, and he slipped along behind a row of seats and went bounding up the inclosed staircase two steps at a time. It would be too much good fortune if he could find her alone. The top of the stairs was hidden by the great spines of the Spanish bayonet and clumps of yucca palm, and as he took the last step he ran almost into Katherine Halloran's arms.

"Oh, Jack!" she said.

He took both her hands.

"Katherine, I am going to ask you, if you will not trust me enough to be my wife, at least to believe that I am your best friend. See! I give you up if you think you cannot marry me. I give up all hope, but do not marry Croft. Wait until you get back into civilization again, back among familiar surroundings, ways, and standards, before you decide your lifelong destiny. Go away from this dreadful place. You do trust me, do you not?"

He was still holding her hands, looking in that dim light into her face, his steadfast eyes meeting hers as steadfast. They hardly heard the sound of feet on the steps until Coleman, a little breathless, his forage cap in his hand, stood beside them.

"You will let me say good by to you, any way, Miss Halloran," the officer said, ignoring Standish. "Scouts have come in to say that the Apaches are almost in the town. They have set fire to Charleston mill. Good by." He wrung her hand, while Standish looked on coolly. He did not believe that the Apaches were dangerous tonight, and he thought that very likely Coleman had had more champagne than was good for him. Was there ever a man who saw honesty and simple feeling in his rival?

The moment was gone, however. Katherine, relieved from a crisis when she must decide, turned to Coleman; and Standish, sore at heart, went after Jack. There was confusion outside now. The scouts' Indian news had flown up and down the town, even into the ranks of the strikers. For the time, the men were turned from both Heard and Croft, and from the carrying out of their plans for the fast waning night.

Standish, still in his evening dress, shouldered his way everywhere with scant ceremony. Once a man turned and cursed him, and moved his own hand backward toward his pocket, but a companion caught it and stopped him.

"There's no need starting the ball too soon," he said warningly. "Just leave your gun where it is. It's pretty easy."

The other miner muttered something, and then laughed at some pleasing thought. "Say, Hen," he said, "them'll make mighty pretty clothes to be laid out in. We musn't spoil 'em."

The Pretty-by-Night was crowded to its doors, and all the carnival spirit in the men seemed to have broken loose at the first hint of lawlessness to come. The proprietor was keeping a very close watch upon everything, and had already moved a number of valuable bottles into a bullet proof closet in the back room. The big keno ball was going round and round to the monotonous cries of the players, and there was a rattle of dice and the soft sound of shuffling cards all through the rooms.

The miners had been reinforced by the "rustlers" and cowboys, the worst element in the camp, coming from the crudest and wildest American blood. The Indian stories which had been brought in had been but an added spice in the dish for the utterly



lawless element. The more nearly affairs bordered upon a state of anarchy, the more thrilling and adventurous life became. The outsiders were going to help the miners take possession of the mines. They had no clear idea why the men wanted to take temporarily what they couldn't keep; but they had no personal concern in the matter beyond the fight.

Presently Heard came into the room, straight from his argument with Croft. Pushing the players away from one of the tables, he stood on it, and added another discoloration to its soiled surface from the red dust on his miner's boots. As he began to speak Standish looked into his face with some admiration. It was large and dark and strong, but there was in all its lines an intentness of purpose that commanded respect. His preaching sounded like cant, but he did not know it.

As he went on with the sentences, many of them taken bodily from the socialistic or labor union papers, Standish went up near the stage, where usually Fanny de Vere and Jenny the dancer were to be seen. The piano was open, but the young man who played it was craning his neck toward the speaker. There was nobody in the recess except the short haired young woman in the blazer who had served his dinner the first night Standish reached Tombstone. He had discovered since that she was the wife of the owner of the *Pretty-by-Night*. She sat now looking about her with something like scorn.

"What are you after?" she said to Standish. "The girls? It's my advice to you to make yourself scarce. The men are ready to jump on anybody like you. You'd better go out and get some one with you, for a witness. They'd kill you, and swear anything, seeing that you are alone. You want to have at least two men to every two hundred of 'em."

"Have you seen anything of young Torrance?" Standish asked.

"No, I haven't. Fanny isn't here. She's gone off somewhere after Jenny. I don't know what she wants to run after that baggage for, though." The *Pretty-by-Night's* mistress was evidently anxious to talk. "Take Fanny by herself, and there ain't a better girl walks; but that Jenny's a little too uppish. She wants diamonds on her fingers, and I reckon she'll get 'em. Now there's Jack Torrance running after Fanny. I don't blame him. If I was a man I'd marry her, myself. She knows how to make 'em keep their place. She's a *lady*, she is!"

Standish hardly listened to all this, and was turning away, when the woman put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Listen," she said.

Heard's spite was so strong and bitter that he was unable to keep it in.

"Are we to work like galley slaves," he was saying, "producing wealth for men who have no better rights to the products of nature than we have? Why should Halloran or Croft or Torrance set you or me to work, to dig out the silver that he may spend it? Look at Halloran's house! A palace! All built by the sweat of hundreds of men. And he is not content with setting you to work like horses, but he must claim the little spots where you live. Even the coyote is allowed a hole on the desert. Halloran would take that away from you! What does he care for you? Croft sets you at work where at any hour the water may come pouring down and drown you like rats in a hole. And Torrance"—a dark spasm passed over his face—"Torrance would let you die—*die*," he shouted, "to save one ounce of ore, that his dissolute son might use it to entice our daughters to their ruin!"

The woman by his side pulled at Standish again, and showed him Jack Torrance's face in the crowd. Even at that distance they could see that there were beads on the low brow, over which the damp black hair straggled, and Jack's blazing eyes came nearer and nearer to Heard. The miners let him, like something uncanny, force himself through the crowd.

In those eyes Standish saw death for Heard. He knew that in another instant Jack would spring at the man, and that there would be more than the desertion of her only son for Mrs. Torrance to mourn. There was no time to think. He sprang for Jack, and in a second had his own powerful arms about the boy's shoulders. Jack pulled against the unexpected force, and Standish saw that there was a knife in his hand.

"Put that down," he said sternly. "Let it fall. Come out of here. You are wanted at home."

"I will kill him!" the boy cried. He panted in his struggle, but already Standish could feel him weakening in his arms. He was only an excitable boy; his nature was not yet out of the gristle into the bone.

"Your mother wants you. There is trouble. You must come home." Standish had pulled him out of the side door, which the saloon keeper's wife had held open. "Be a man, Jack. Come home. Your mother depends upon you to help



your father. Those men are planning to take the mine. That is where—everybody would want to see you." And then Standish, being a human being, said what he had never intended to say. "It was Miss de Vere, the—young lady who sings—who sent the information to your father. He is very much pleased with her;" but he went no farther.

Jack leaned against the adobe wall of the saloon, and burst into dreadful and terrible sobs. Standish stood helpless.

"My God!" the boy said wildly. "Fanny! She is over yonder—in that hell!" He pointed toward the lighted, sounding Green Garden.

"No!" Standish said, incredulous.

"I saw her!" poor Jack said, despair and hopelessness, the bitterness of youth deceived, in his voice.

## XX.

CROFT had had an engagement which prevented his going with Katherine to the ball at Schefflin Hall. It was to be his final farewell to Jenny.

She had been harder to get rid of than he had imagined. He knew that had Katherine been like Jenny, he would have been the happiest man on earth at the thought of marrying her. He was a man who had grown from boyhood without one single soft influence, taught by every element with which he had come in contact that life was a matter of advantage taken upon one side or the other, and that he was a little quicker and readier in getting that advantage than another. He had lost a little of his respect for Katherine when she promised to marry him, and he thought cynically that she was like all the rest.

Jenny, poor, pretty, impulsive Jenny—with her frank wants and vanities, and her admiration for him as a great man, had made him know his own weakness. But the habits of a lifetime, the iron will that had made him crush everything which had come in the way of his marked out path, stood him in stead now. Poor, soft little Jenny had become the obstacle, and even though he himself had planted her there, she must be put aside.

It was not a task which he enjoyed. He waited for her that night, but she did not come. Instead, a miner's boy poked in a note—a pink, perfumed note at which the boy grinned, and which made Croft swear. He had told Jenny she must not send him letters. This one, written in violet ink, told him that she had sprained her knee,

and could not leave her room, even for him. Couldn't he make some excuse to come to her? And he must write her, and send her some "fizz."

Croft tore the letter into pieces. He wrote but one line to her—on his typewriter, bidding her write to him no more. But she had kept on filling his letter box with endearments, until the last day or two, when they had suddenly ceased.

On the day of the ball there had come another note, saying she would be in his rooms that evening. It was the first time she had asked to come there, and Croft, as he gave directions to the Chinaman, whom he did not consider a human being, and made arrangements for the other servants to be out, set his lips together in the determination that it should be the last time.

Jenny was growing more than troublesome. Croft walked up and down the floor. There was only one lamp in the room, and it threw into bright light or into dusky shadow the things which Croft had gathered about him—things typical of the character of the man.

It was not one of the sumptuous rooms that he had chosen in which to see Jenny, but a bare place where he kept saddles and bridles and firearms. On the wall were half a dozen rifles and revolvers, every one of which had been used to kill a man. They had belonged to desperadoes who had been shot down in the camp. One gruesome collection, fastened to the rough yellow wall, consisted of the cartridge belt, revolvers, and gun of a man who had been known as "Curly Bill." Depending from one end of the rifle was a soiled red silk handkerchief which had caught some of the bullets fired in Bill's last fight. As proof that it had been powerless as a shield, it held now, in an everlasting grin, the skull of the ruffian himself, with the top bone full of holes.

This was hardly a cheerful place in which to receive a young girl, but Jenny was not to be treated with any tenderness tonight. The wicked skull seemed to be turning its head to listen to what was coming with an expression of ghastly enjoyment.

It was the late summer evening when the Chinaman came noiselessly into the room and spoke a guttural word.

"Damn you! Why couldn't you knock?" Croft asked nervously.

Goosey made no answer, but slipped aside through the door and let Jenny in. She limped a little, and she would have been pale but for the rouge on her cheeks and the feverish look about the small, half opened

mouth. Her eyes were bright and full of appeal.

Croft stood before her, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his evening trousers, and a frown between his eyes. Jenny looked at him for a moment, and then she gave a little gasping cry. Putting her thin hands upon his shoulder, and her head on his breast, she began to sob. Croft stood still without taking his hands from his pockets.

"Say it isn't true," the girl said pitifully. "Say that you are not going to break your word to me and marry that Miss Halloran. They all say it."

"What do you mean by breaking my word to you?" Croft asked coldly. He took his hands from his pockets now, and lifting her hands from his shoulders held them loosely.

"You—" she looked into his face. "Ah," she said, "you do not love me any more! They said it was true that you were going to marry her. You—" poor Jenny! There was in her no stuff for heroics. She was the earthen pot that is broken at the first contact with iron. "You have lied to me! You are—no gentleman!" And she flung herself away from him, crying with high, gasping sobs.

There was almost a smile on Croft's mouth.

"Let us come to reason. You knew I was not going to marry you. You ought to have known it. I may not be a gentleman"—Croft lingered on the word in a way that might have told Jenny that in truth he was not so far from her class as he had grown to imagine himself—"but I am too much of a one to marry a dancing girl out of a saloon. I am ready to do the fair thing by you. Here is money, plenty of money. You have no claim upon me, any more than I suppose you have on many others—"

But Croft never finished that sentence. The girl was on her feet, her eyes full of fury, and she lifted her hand and struck him across the lips until his teeth cut into them. She put all of her strength into the blow. And Croft—Croft, the gentleman—snarled, his lips apart, and stepping forward, slapped her with his open hand. The girl put her hand to her face, turned dizzily, and fell to the floor.

Croft walked to the desk. He divided the pile of bills lying there, his hands quivering with excitement, and taking the smaller package flung them at the girl. The very devil of his nature was aroused. He was afraid to touch her again, or he

might kill her. The sight of her had grown loathsome to him. He walked unsteadily into the dining room, and poured out a glass of brandy and drank it.

He, Croft—the man who had carefully built up his life from a muddier ground than he cared for anybody to realize, here at last to be struck in the mouth by a—*saugh!* He rang the bell for the Chinaman, and ordered him to "show that woman out." But the woman was gone, and Gooley, slipping the money she had left lying on the floor into his sleeve, went back to tell Croft so.

Ten minutes later men ran in with news of the trouble in the Thread.

## XXI.

JENNY fled down the stairs and into the street. She couldn't go back to Nelly's. Nelly had dropped a hint or two lately that it might be well for her to look for another home. She could not dance at the Pretty-by-Night, for her knee was lame. She must get away somewhere, for she could not face Jacoby when he came back. How good and tender Jacoby had always been to her! She thought of him with a great wail of self pity. Why hadn't she been "good"? Jacoby was getting rich, he was coming home to bring her everything, and she had ruined her chance of ever having it.

All this hurt Jenny almost as much as her shame. She was miserable. She was in a daze. She was walking by the lights of a drug store on the corner, and she went in.

"Give me a bottle of laudanum," she said. "I've got the toothache, and"—fearful that she would not get enough for her purpose—"give me a big bottle. The doctor says I'm to use it."

The young clerk went after it. He knew Jenny, and her tear stained face and trembling voice bore out the toothache story.

"There's just about enough to kill yourself with," he said jocularly as he handed it over the counter. She took it eagerly, and started out.

"Who'll I charge it to?" he called.

"Croft," she said wildly, and broke into a hysterical laugh.

"Well, I guess he'll pay. They usually do," the boy observed, and went on making up powders.

Jenny took the bottle in her hand and started along Allen Street. She had an idea of going out into the open plain, and then she thought shudderingly that perhaps the coyotes might find her first. The pity of her own plight came over her,

and she leaned against a corner and cried hopelessly.

She did not want to die. Life in a desert mining camp among rough men, dancing in a saloon, may hardly seem worth preserving; but Jenny had been happy. Until Croft had come to give her new standards of manners, she had found nothing to object to in her companions. She was a "good girl," and had always been treated as such; and it had been gay and lively dancing for the boys on the little stage. She was a star in her way, and to have the heavy boots keep time with her light feet, and to hear the loud calls back, and the ring of glasses and fists on the tables, and the laughter when her steps were a little audacious—all this had been honey sweet to Jenny.

Her life in Tombstone had been a triumph. In her simple vanity she did not know how much of it had been due to big Jacoby's protection. And now she had taken the little drop of water that had been hers, and blown a bubble of it. The shifting colors and brilliant pictures she had seen in it had dazzled her eyes for a time, had exalted herself in her own eyes; but now the bubble had burst. Her self pity made her desperate. She put the bottle to her lips and drank the stuff. There was nothing for her to do but die here alone in the streets.

Suddenly somebody stood before her. It was a girl who had sung in the Pretty-by-Night once, and had gone away. They hadn't spoken to her when they saw her riding livery stable horses, and attired in one of the velvet riding habits which adorned the windows of the Tombstone dry goods stores. Tonight she had the train of a white satin gown over her bare arm, and a barking little black headed dog tucked in its folds. Her coarse, good natured face was full of something like pity.

"Why, Jenny," she said, "this you? What's the matter? Sick? What are you doing out here? Down on your luck?"

The only answer was a choking breath. She looked at Jenny with curiosity mixed with pity, and perhaps with that something else that has given rise to the proverb that misery loves company.

"Come along with me," she said at last. "I can let you sleep it off. We've got a spree on tonight, but you needn't see any of the crowd. Come along;" and Jenny went.

She hardly knew how she made her way along the street. A man who was going to the ball fell in behind them. His evening dress was made out with high heeled boots, a red flannel shirt, a cartridge belt, and holsters.

"Say," he said to the girl in the white

gown, "ain't that Jacoby's girl, that he's going to marry? Well, just let me out! I ain't goin' that way just now. As much shade as you find over there in the Green Garden ain't condooocive to health under these circumstances."

"Hush!" the woman said.

But the sound of "Green Garden" meant nothing to Jenny now. She was going—going—already the drug was beginning to take effect, and her little feather head was spinning around and around.

The girl with her was full of a triumph. She knew that something was the matter with Jenny, but she thought it was the vice common to her class—drink, and she had eagerly enticed her into the way from which she knew there was no return.

"That stuck up de Vere and old Jacoby can have something to worry about," she said to the man as he left her.

She did not take Jenny through the lighted garden, but through a little side door in the iron fence, and into a bare room. Jenny looked around her wildly for a moment, and then she began to cry.

"Where's Fanny?" she cried. "I want Fanny. I've killed myself. I've taken poison! Why don't you all get a doctor, and tell Fanny I want her?" And then, heavy with the drug, she fell across the bed.

"What's this you have done?" An elderly woman roughly pushed by the two or three who had gathered at the door. She looked at the girl in the white gown. "What do you mean by bringing her in here? We can't have her dying in here. She says she's taken poison. Some of you go for the doctor."

"And she said she wanted some 'Fanny,' " somebody ventured.

"Well, send for her. As for you"—and she turned to wreak her vengeance upon the woman in the white satin gown.

As two or three started, some towards the doctor's office, and the others after Fanny de Vere, the elderly woman called them back.

"See you tell nobody. I'm not going to have the ball broken up." There was a threat in her hard black eyes.

And so it happened that, hearing that Fanny had gone with a messenger, Jack Torrance had followed, to see her enter the Green Garden.

## XXII.

NELLY sat outside her house, in the silent and deserted front yard, where her boys

had been in the habit of talking and "having their fun" in the evenings. She was anxious about Fanny, but more than all, she was exasperated at "the boys."

She felt very much like the mother of an unruly set of lads who have gotten themselves into an unusually bad scrape, the particulars of which they carefully conceal from her, and for which she desires they should have due punishment. She had heard mutterings of a possible fire, but she was not looking at the sky over Reservoir Hill for a red glow. She was listening for the sound of shots. She expected a few of the boys to come back with wounds, not very serious, and she would mend them and nurse them while she scolded.

"Torrance is the man who can take care of himself and his own," thought Nelly.

The men in the saloon had not interfered in the attack Jack Torrance had made, because they entirely recognized the personal nature of the quarrel, and it was "none of their funeral." They were rather out of appetite for an assault on the Lady Jane. The indignation against Torrance was sporadic, not ingrained. If somebody was to suffer, the sullen miners felt, let it be Halloran. He was the man they despised. They saw too plainly the personal animosity in Heard's talk.

Two cowboys, half drunk, had seen Standish and Jack Torrance leave the room, and one turned to the other with—

"What's the row, anyhow? Where'd they go? I'm goin' to see;" and the two went out with a businesslike air, followed by the whole crowd, splitting the air with pistol shots and cowboy whoops.

The sheriff of Cochise County had concluded that this was a good night to guard the outskirts of the town from Indians.

Standish pulled Jack up from the boulder where he sat.

"Come, Jack! We must beat that crowd to your mother's house. God only knows what they will do if they find her alone."

"They will let her alone," Jack said; but he arose hastily, a heaviness in his voice being the only sign of his outburst, and with one mind they ran toward the Silver City Stable. The proprietor met them at the door.

"Give us two horses—quick!" Standish said peremptorily.

The man scowled at them.

"We don't let our horses out so late," he began. He was the brother of one of the men in the Thread, and he was against the mine owners, although they made his living for him.

"The devil you don't!" Jack Torrance said coolly, and pushed him aside.

The man put his hand to his pocket. He had a perfect right to shoot any one taking his horses, and he knew it. At least he had that right conditionally upon his getting his revolver a second ahead of the thief's. In this case he ought to have done so, for neither of the men were armed. Jack's knife had been one from the Pretty-by-Night's meat platter. Neither of the young men carried revolvers to balls. But Standish threw his arms about the man, and Jack took out his revolver.

"See here, Smith," he said, "there is no use playing with us. I'd as soon kill you as not. Standish, get those horses."

It took but a minute to cinch the saddles fast and lead the horses out, and then amid the threats and curses of Smith, they fairly leaped down the rocky, sandy street and over the shortest trail to the Lady Jane.

The mob was coming up the trail, a straggling line, almost reaching the gate of the house as the young men dismounted, slapping the horses smartly to start them back to the corral.

They ran up the path and upon the veranda, but the door was fastened.

"Mother! Mother!" Jack said. "Let us in!"

The door was flung open in a moment, showing Mrs. Torrance as neatly gowned as though she had been expecting to start out in five minutes with the four in hand. She greeted them as if they hadn't been gone five minutes. Four rifles and a box of cartridges were lying on the table, which had been cleared of its books and trinkets.

"Get in here and get off those coats, and here"—she flung them two cartridge belts. "Get over to the works," she said. "I can hold this house."

"Not much!" Jack replied. "Father has about all Tombstone in the works, or he ought to have. I stay here."

The crowd made a dash as they neared the mine, going by the house without looking in its direction. What they expected, nobody knows; probably to burst down the not very heavy wooden doors. They knew that they were twenty to one, and that the hoisting works could not stand much of a siege.

Not a shot met them. They began to believe that there was nobody there, or that Torrance was afraid to fire the first gun. They picked up one of the big timbers in the yard, and started with it to make a battering ram. In that instant they found their mistake. Rattling over their heads



went the bullets from a little Hotchkiss gun. Nobody was hurt, but there was menace enough to quiet an army, whose weapons were revolvers and a few rifles.

The men stopped.

"We can't get in there. This ain't no way to fight. We want to get 'em outside," one man said. "Let's smoke the old lady out. That'll bring 'em out of the works fast enough."

"I ain't fightin' women," Heard answered sullenly.

"No, you're fightin' a boy," one man said tauntingly.

Heard, never quick with a pistol, or active of perception, let it go by.

Some of Torrance's men came up to remonstrate. They liked Mrs. Torrance. They thought the "old man" might be locked out and made to pay them higher wages, but Mrs. Torrance—that was different. But their remonstrances meant nothing. The rest gathered up a pile of the yard shavings, and, with a torch, started toward the house. They made their preparations in full sight of the works, in the hope that the danger to the house would bring the men out; and indeed it would have done so, had it not been for Mr. Torrance.

"Let them alone," he said. "The works are more valuable than the house. I know they will not hurt my wife, and I've an idea that they will not hurt the house, either. Polly can take care of herself."

The house and the Lady Jane mine lay under the reservoir hill. The year before, after the engine room had caught fire, Mr. Torrance had had his mining engineer arrange an apparatus to fight any such calamity in the future.

As the men came nearer and nearer to the silent house, looking back, expecting to be followed by the defenders of the hoisting works, there was a flash of something white in the starlight, like a comet, and men went down before it like chips. The crowd in the hoisting works lifted one mighty cheer.

"By George," Torrance said admiringly, "Polly has turned the hose on 'em! There's a woman for you! That stream is about heavy enough for hydraulic mining. Here, you! Get out ours!"

But the rustlers didn't wait. Water was the last foe they expected, and one they least understood. They had come with fire, and they had been met by its antidote. They weren't sure there was a dry gun in the crowd. Two men were knocked senseless, and still the stream poured, being

turned off for an instant and adjusted to a new point, and then started again.

In one interval Heard saw Jack Torrance's face at a lighted window. The next instant a bullet spattered against the frame, but Jack was gone.

"You've had your fun, Heard," one of the men who was still dry said. "Now we are going to have ours. The Thread's just around this hill, or at least Halloran's house is. If you want to burn something, why don't you burn that old devil out? There'd be some sense in that. That house would make a fire. It's a chilly night," and he shrugged his shoulders in a pretended shiver.

And so, seeing nothing to be gained here, and only half hearted about it at best, the crowd determined not to go back to the town with the story of being scared by a rattle of bullets and undone by a stream of water in the hands of a woman. They scrambled about the hill, and on their way to the Thread.

Standish and Jack did not look for the direction of their going. They saw them leave, and that was enough.

There was nobody hurt, and the whole attack began to take on the complexion of a huge joke. Mrs. Torrance, her boy by her side again, showed her satisfaction only by an unusual placidity of expression and quickness of speech. She had depended upon her command of Jack, and it had not failed. What did she care for mines or strikes or anything? Her boy had come back! The chain of events beginning at Jenny's blow on Croft's lips, and leading Jack through misery back to his own people, was out of Mrs. Torrance's sight.

But Nelly, Nelly who understood her boys, knew what the rush over the hill meant. They had been repulsed and humiliated by the strong, and now they were going to wreak their vengeance upon the weak. That vacillating, half sober old man, old before his time, was a fit subject for a shouting mob.

Nelly arose and called after them, but they did not hear her. Her voice was lost in the rush of their feet over the stones of the hill.

"They've left Torrance alone, as, before the saints, I knew they would! But it's Halloran they'll be after hangin', and good for him—barrin' the girl."

Nelly had not waited for her thoughts to reach "the girl" before she was flying up the hillside herself. She came panting to the Torrance hoist, and battered peremptorily upon the big wooden doors.



"It's a woman," one of the men said.  
"Let her in."

"It's me," Nelly called. "The boys are after Halloran."

"I hope they'll get him," Mr. Torrance said cheerfully. "He's in need of a good stirring up."

"It's not yourself, Mr. Torrance, that would be letting a poor man be at the mercy of the boys, an' them full o' mad and whisky?"

"Yes, I would. Nobody left this building to go to Mrs. Torrance, and nobody is going to leave it at my invitation to go to Halloran. We need all our army;" and he looked grimly around upon the five or six men who made up his force.

Croft had made preparations for resistance at the mouth of the Thread, but nobody had thought of an attack upon Halloran's house. Nelly started back reluctantly. She liked Miss Halloran, and while she sided with "her boys," and believed in their grievances, she had memories of days when Halloran himself had been a generous, open hearted man. His Irish name meant something to her, and her heart was warm for his daughter.

Nelly had the simple strategy of her race, and instead of going back over the hill the way she had come she took the path down through the timber yard and on to the house. She would see what was to be said there. There might be a different story.

They were still watching from the windows when Nelly's well known figure came into view.

"There is Nelly!" Mrs. Torrance cried. "Somebody must be hurt. Call her, Jack."

Jack put his hands to his mouth and sent out a long call, which brought her faster.

"What is it?" Mrs. Torrance was leaning anxiously from the window. "Is anything the matter?"

"Sure there's plenty's the matter this night, I'm thinkin'," Nelly said. "And now it's hangin'."

"Hanging? Is somebody killed?"

"Not yet, but the boys are out, an' they're after Halloran hot. I know the black hearts he's put into 'em. They're crazy with mad and drink. I called 'em myself, an' they went by like water in an arroyo."

"What's that?" Standish asked from behind.

Mrs. Torrance turned back into the room, her voice full of trouble.

"Nelly says that that mob has gone over to Halloran's to hang him. You boys go over and make them stop."

Jack gave a short laugh.

"Make them stop! I knew they'd do it sooner or later. I don't leave you alone to poke myself in at a party where I'm not invited. That may be another dodge to get in here. No, ma'am!"

"He is right," Standish said breathlessly. "I'll go. Don't worry;" and he sprang through the window, a rifle in one hand, and a freshly loaded cartridge belt in the other.

He started with Nelly, but his long legs distanced hers, and he went over the hill bareheaded. The dawn was just beginning to throw up a golden and crimson glow over the rocky waste in the east. The young, athletic figure, clad in the black trousers he had put on to the tune of "My Queen," the evening before, the white shirt, from which he had torn the collar, covering his broad shoulders, and the bare head, caught Nelly's heart.

"A broth of a boy," she said admiringly.

Katherine had gone home with a lighter heart than she had known for weeks. Of course she was not going to throw Croft over. He had been so kind to them. She did not love him. No! But she had promised to marry him, and she would do it. Yet her Jack Standish, her lover, was hers to take or to leave. She mustn't think of him; but still he was hers. He loved her. There was no barrier between them—except upon her side.

It has been said that a woman is not naturally honorable; that she cannot do the honorable thing by instinct; that when she does, it is the result of careful training. No woman believes this; yet Katherine found that barriers whose breaking depended upon her own will were much the easiest to contemplate.

She was ready to go home when Standish had gone, and she took her father and went. Captain Coleman had gone on ahead of them, on his way to Charleston, to protect the property there from the Apaches. They could see plainly, through that crystalline atmosphere, the fire and smoke from the burning mill; and as they looked they could even see, in the distance, the little band of trotting soldiers that moved across the plain.

"I'm not going home," Halloran said, as they dropped over the brow of the hill and saw the red glow. "They are too near. Let us go back."

"No!" Katherine replied, putting her hands on his, opening the carriage door. "No! The soldiers are between us. They will never dare come so near. Let us go

home. There are no comforts here;" and on toward home they went.

"The Apaches coming in seemed to break up everything," Mr. Halloran said peevishly. "Not that I wanted to stay any longer, but these outbreaks are getting to be a very disagreeable and disturbing element in the Territory."

The driver of the open carriage had been the driver of the first stage into Tombstone, and had always been allowed a liberty of speech with Halloran. He turned around now, and almost laughed in their faces.

"Them ain't Injuns," he said in wonder at their ignorance. "There's a story afloat that there's goin' to be more ashes than hoists in this section, 'fore mornin'."

"Why was I told nothing of this?"

"I heard Heard himself say he'd been to see you, an' blamed little satisfaction he got, too."

There was in the man's voice an insolence he had never used before. It made Katherine open her mouth to speak; and then, looking at the trembling man beside her, and at the glow against the sky toward Charleston, she closed her lips. All at once she felt very helpless and forlorn. Her father was only a stranger to her at the best, and in three months, reluctant as she was to acknowledge it, she had discovered that he was never likely to be anything else.

"I will go back to New York. I will go tomorrow," she said to herself.

The open carriage drew up under the big pillared porte cochère, and Katherine stepped out alone.

"You ain't afraid, are you?" her father asked hesitatingly.

"Afraid? No."

"I knew you were plucky. I think I ought to go back to the mine, and see what Croft is doing. I'll be back in a little while. I can't leave you alone."

"I can tell you where Croft is," the driver said carelessly, "if it's him you are anxious about. He's makin' speeches to the boys who are hangin' around there. But Heard's goin' fer the Lady Jane the first thing. He's got some spite ag'in 'em, and it's that way he's leadin' the boys."

"Then, if you think it right—" Katherine said.

"No, no. My first duty is to you," and Halloran passed her, looking to the locks of the doors, and making his way to the library, and the store of liquid consolation under his desk.

Katherine went up stairs slowly. She was not even excited. She had heard nothing

of a strike until tonight. She cared nothing about it. She supposed the men simply stopped work, and that was the end of it.

She took off her ball dress and put on a thin, white, loose gown, and brushed her pretty hair away from her face. The house was very still and peaceful.

Suddenly there came a roar, a sound so full of menace that it made her heart stop for an instant. She knew what it was by instinct, for there is no sound on earth like the oncoming of a mob of angry men.

As these had gone on, their resentment at being so ignominiously repulsed from the Lady Jane was grafted on to their hatred of Halloran, and like all moving bodies, they gathered momentum as they went. Then, too, the fiery liquors of the Pretty-by-Night had begun to riot in their veins. They rushed around the hill, and crashed down into the road, surrounding a miner in a broad hat who sat a panting bronco.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" he shouted. "They've burned Charleston mill, and the whole town's got to go. Burn out old Halloran! Give him a taste of how it feels to have no place to sleep."

"Hang him!" a man shouted from the depths of the crowd. "What's the matter with givin' him a dance?"

Heard was no longer leading. A big fellow who "bossed" the round ups for the large ranches in the season, and who managed to eke out a troubled existence in Tombstone for the remainder of the year, had started in to give orders.

"Go on, Charlie," he said. "Stir 'em up in town. We'll keep the ball rolling out here. This is our herd;" and he started on a run toward the big house.

One or two men stopped on the desert and set matches to the dried up yucca palm clumps, "nigger heads" as the men call them, which burn like tinder, with a very hot fire. It was just on the edge of dawn, and as Katherine looked from her window and saw the rushing crowd, the flames, and the wild looking horseman flying up, against the reddening eastern sky, it struck her brain like some picture from an inferno, and sent a panic to her heart, to her limbs. She rushed down stairs and into the library, calling her father in what she thought the top of her voice, but which was only a loud whisper.

"Father, father," she said, "what are they going to do? Where are you?"

There was no answer. The halls seemed so long, the rooms to traverse so many, before she reached the library. Her father

was not in his own room, and the library door was locked. She beat upon it.

"Let me in, father!"

She heard a sound, and then a heavy footstep, and after some fumbling the door was opened.

"What's the matter?" Halloran asked. He could hardly stand, and as he spoke he fell into his chair.

"Father"—she shook him by the shoulders—"waken. There are men surrounding the house. Ah!"

She started up. There was a crash, and the glass of a window was scattered into the room, followed by a great, blazing nigger head torch that rolled over the varnished pine floor, breeding flame at every touch.

(To be continued.)



## A JAPANESE IDYL.

ONE flush carnation flower,  
In mellow vase,  
In one small room before  
A window's space;  
Swart walls of smooth veneer,  
A polished floor;  
A beaded screen hung sheer  
Against the door;  
Pale glimpses of the sea,  
Red flower alone like thee  
In beauty peerlessly  
To love, adore!

One lily lucent pale,  
In rosy vase,  
Cannot with walls avail  
As thy bright face;  
Thine amber eyes are full  
Of slumberous fire,  
Thy lips too beautiful  
For love to tire.  
Rose splendors of the sea,  
Pale flower alone like thee,  
In beauty peerlessly  
Above desire.

Faint winds from o'er the sea,  
And passionate calms;  
Thick flocks of doves let free,  
And sighing palms;  
The glimmering heat of noon  
In copper skies,  
The romance of the moon  
When daylight dies.  
Dim wastes of grayest sea  
Ripple for thee and me,  
And charm thee tenderly  
To grant the boon.

Edgar Lee Masters.

## THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

*"The Idyls of the King" and their author—How the personality of Tennyson spoke through them to the world, throwing new meanings into old myths.*

By Margaret Field.

THROUGH the greater poems of Tennyson there is, with all their simplicity, a stateliness, a reverence for his own individuality as the speaker, the teacher, the poet, of which we are vividly conscious. There can be no doubt that Tennyson revered himself as one called to a high vocation, as one consecrated to the work of exalting mankind. And there is in this very egotism a grandeur and a fire such as is given to prophets. He saw life exalted, full of love and beauty; he saw its enemies and its darker side. He felt that it was his duty to mankind to show them what filled his own soul, and which duller spirits missed. He translated that beauty of the every day world, which is so fine that it uplifts and purifies and carries the soul out of the clogging flesh, into a speech which the passing crowd might understand. It was his mission to awaken emotions of joy and reverence, and to rouse an ambition to perpetuate them. It was this love and ardor for the things that are above the world, which kept him fresh to his last lines. It is only the vulgar who can leave his poetry without a respect for the man who writes.

When Tennyson was a child of five, standing in the door of the little white rectory of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where

The seven elms, the poplars four,  
That stand beside my father's door,  
were blowing in a sweeping gale, he threw out his arms, and full of something he could not understand, he made his first line of poetry:

I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind!  
It was the voice of nature telling him secrets, showing him spiritual mean-

ings, of which outer things are but the manifestations, that spoke through all the even lines of his poetry.

Alfred Tennyson was one of a family of children who all carried the wondrous toy, the magic wand—imagination. Great dramas, like the old story of Arthur and his knights, were played about a heap of stones, a sunny puddle, or a group of bushes. As he grew older he fell under the spell of Byron, that revolutionary spirit who laughed to scorn the peaceful and proper and comfortable middle class Philistinism of England in the early part of the century. Tennyson was a boy of fifteen when Byron died, and in after years, in speaking of the day when the news came, he said that he went about as though the end of the world had come. Nothing seemed to matter now, everything was finished; and he stopped and sadly carved "Byron is dead" in the sandstone.

While Byron would have objected to the philosophy of Tennyson's poetry; there can be no doubt that much of its thought arose out of Byron's opposition to the theology of his time. Where Byron saw the sensually beautiful, Tennyson saw the naturally and the spiritually beautiful, and everywhere he strove for the perpetuation of the lovely.

No poet since Shakspeare has come so close to the life of his time as Tennyson; and when he entered into the series of poems which make his masterpiece, we find in the allegory, in the meanings he has put into the myth, an illustration of the present world as he saw it. He pointed out the two enemies which society must contend with, the two disintegrating forces which threaten decay—



"Elaine on Her Bier."  
From the painting by *Toby E. Rosenthal*.



sensuality and a mystic religion. In the story of the Round Table these are represented by the chain which runs from the love of Launcelot and Guinevere to Merlin and Vivien, and by the search for the Holy Grail.

Tennyson saw, with a vision which Byron could never have understood,



Tennyson at Twenty Three.

these ever recurring problems of civilization. The indifference to purity, the luxury of living, the cynicism which comes from a life of the senses, these things Tennyson looked upon as the worst evils that attack national life.

He makes Launcelot and Guinevere the noblest type of a sinful love. They are represented as being swayed by an irresistible attraction, and wholly and entirely faithful. He lets us keep our respect for them, and he makes every excuse for them; but with the logic of real life he shows them as the first cause of the ruin that follows. Their sin made a precedent for others who were

not noble, and into the social life there crept a corruption and a loosening of morals. Then he brings back upon themselves the ruin they have caused. By the door they have opened, Vivien comes into the court, and becomes its real ruler.

Following upon the heels of this giving way to the flesh, Tennyson shows, by his allegory of the Holy Grail, how men who have sinned and are overcome by remorse, fly to an unnatural asceticism instead of living boldly, freely, and bravely in the world, fighting sin instead of fleeing from it, or taking up the every day life. The story shows very pointedly the excitement of religion which a nature weakened by sensuality demands; and he shows it nearly as pernicious to the state as the depths from which it is born.

But it is when we can disentangle the "Idyls of the King" from their allegorical meaning, and bring them into the realms of purest romance, that they most please us. We like to think of Arthur as a man, and not as the human soul; and Guinevere, whatever our intelligence may tell us as to the poet's ethical meaning, will always be the woman. Not an unusual woman, no queen of poetry, no teacher,

only the woman capable of a great passion, one who says:

"One who loves me must have a touch  
of earth:  
The low sun makes the color;"

and who mirrors the soul of the ordinary woman in her jealousy of the poor child Elaine, who is the embodiment of the boldness of pure love.

The story of Elaine is most skilfully wrought into the "Idyls" as a contrast to the sinful queen. She is the innocent maiden with a passion made great by her love for the strong Launcelot, whose shield she has cherished. We are filled with a great pity when she goes to him,

and finding her love is not returned, comes back to her lonely watch at night to sing:

Sweet is true love though given in vain,  
in vain,  
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Dying, through her innocence she becomes as a little child, and remembers

thoughtless young Lynette, saucy, a little rough and heavy in humor, mocking at the gay, brave young Gareth, calls out no desire to seek for types of things spiritual and unseen. She and Gareth are full of abounding youth, both of their own bodies and minds, and of the golden time of the Round Table's early days. Gareth is he who conquers



Farringford, Tennyson's Isle of Wight House.

how she always wished to pass the poplar on the stream. She asks that she may be laid dead in the boat and carried with her message to Launcelot, whom she loved, down to the palace of the king. The story is like a pure white light thrown against the sinning, the sorrowing, of those that came before. We refuse to search for a lesson in the picture of the "lily maid."

Any one of the women of the "Idyls" might be transplanted in essential characteristics to a modern tale without even disturbing a restless sense into a consciousness that a lesson is being taught through an allegory. The frank and

because his heart is bold. Lynette, even when full of sentiment, singing her delightful little songs, is only another phase of the Lynette who can be vulgar, who can scorn with rude words and coarse wit. We know her well in real life.

In Enid, Tennyson has made the Griselda that every writer has loved to paint. She is the type of patience, and balances the audacities and loose tongue of Lynette. Lynette speaks when she should be silent. Enid is silent when she should speak. She grows afraid, and by her very fears does wrong. But Tennyson has drawn her character so carefully,

so affectionately, that we can see that he, in common with most intensely masculine men, delights in her kind.

Yet he has not faltered in showing the wretchedness that her patience brings about. He rather overdoes the resultant

"If I fall, cleave to the better man."

We deplore Tennyson's mistake, again, in making a man who has ever been presented to us as a knight and a gentleman, offer her old lover the privilege of insulting his wife. But Tennyson has not erred in reality, if he has erred from the standpoint of art, in making Enid continue to love her lord. That temper of woman will even keep her love untainted by contempt through such trials as this.

It is impossible to believe that when the first four idyls were published, Tennyson had any deliberate intention of making an allegory. The legend had evidently impressed him from a child, as it has impressed every master of imagination for a thousand years. It was sung by minstrels in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Milton once took it up as a subject for an epic, and Malory made it into a prose romance, which is more human than Tennyson's new embodiment of it, fitting it to modern life.

No historian has ever been able to tell us from

what land Arthur came. It is the earlier tradition which makes him a ruler of southern Britain, but in our hearts we know him as a hero of "fairy lands forlorn."

It was when Tennyson was writing "The Coming of Arthur"—which in order of writing followed several others of the idyls, but which opens the tale—that the allegory came prominently to the front. Arthur is to be the ideal king, the ideal man. He subdues everything to his wish to reclaim waste places and wasted lives. In his love for Guinevere he sees only that they may work together for good. He brings



Tennyson at Forty Five.

evil in the case of Geraint. He makes him brutal, after he gives him what we recognize as a noble nature in the beginning. We hesitate to believe that a man who was not utterly sunken in vanity and love of self could seek, in the very flower of his love for Enid, in the few days preceding his marriage, to prove her love for himself; or could speculate whether or not it was the life of the court she longed for instead of his love. When the madness of his jealousy comes upon him, the insults which he flings at his wife seem instinctive. When he meets the bandits, he cries:



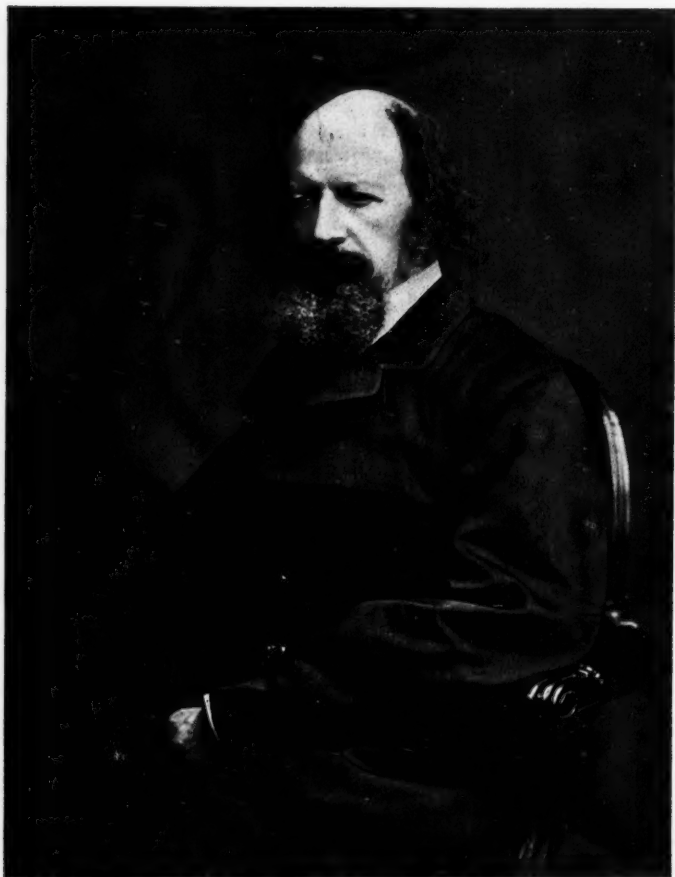
"Elaine Guarding Launcelot's Shield."

*Photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company from the painting by I. M. Strudwick.*

about him knights who are sworn to follow him and the laws of the Round Table. The mimic world which he creates contains all the elements that go to make any world. We find the petulant Lynette, the patient Enid, who by her very patience spoils her great hearted husband, fostering in him detestable conditions; the impure, slandering Vivien, and the innocent Elaine.

The purity of Arthur is placed beside the great, strong human being Launcelot and the cynical Tristram, who in very lightness of mind becomes discourteous towards the woman he has loved.

All of these are women and men, people who have traits we know, who might have moved in a landscape that was not dim with the mists of romance and tradition. Had



Tennyson at Eighty.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

Tennyson given them to us in their original simplicity, we should not have missed their meanings.

The story of the Holy Grail, which has been made so prominent in the idyls, illustrating the secondary lesson, traces its origin to remote antiquity, and was originally pagan instead of Christian. In Celtic mythology there were three talismans, the sword, the lance, and the cup, which were in Wales under the care of Bran. When the heathen temple became Christian, Bran was turned into a saint. But later, the story became changed, and the talisman was the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper, and that in which His blood fell as his side was pierced. The Grail

was hidden from the sight of men, and knights went upon the quest. Sir Galahad, the virgin knight, was the type, long before Tennyson wrote, of the man who saw in woman the greatest evil in the world, and who was only able to gain a full spiritual life by turning his face from human love. Tennyson set himself to the creation of an allegory which should show that this severance from home, from love, to seek after the excitements of signs and wonders, works as many evils as lawlessness. Both were removals from the healthy state of society.

The true life is to make a heaven of this earth, and it is this that Tennyson felt it his mission to teach.



## THE VANDERBILTS.

*The famous New York family of railroad millionaires—Their vast accumulation of wealth, and the remarkable succession of able men by whom it was founded and has been held.*

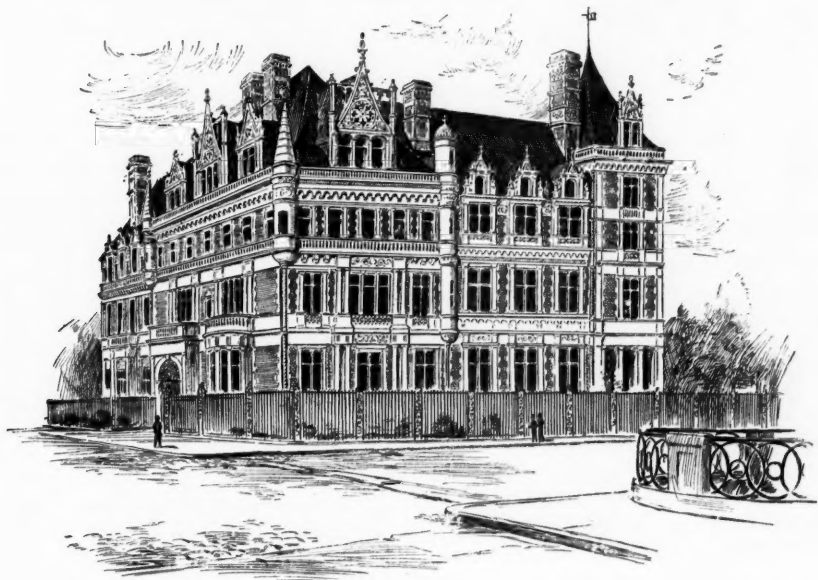
By Richard H. Titherington.

THE popular interest in the very rich is too natural to need explanation, and too universal to require apology. "Wealth is the world's desire," as one of our minor poets has truthfully declared; and it is inevitable that its foremost possessors should be the objects of an attention that is not of necessity either envious or impertinent. The very great estates are indeed to a certain extent public institutions, so many individual concerns does their conduct affect. Their growth is a part—and a very interesting and significant part—of the history of the community.

This is notably the case in New York,

a city whose most conspicuous fortunes may be said to be types and epitomes of various phases of the development of America's material resources. It would be almost impossible to tell the story of that development without mentioning individual names.

The enrichment of the Astor family, for instance, represents the rise of New York to be the metropolis of a hemisphere; that of the Vanderbilts, the movement that has made our railroads the world's most marvelous instrument of traffic; that of the Rockefellers—an almost magically rapid process of the last few years—the wonderful potential-



Residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

*Fifth Avenue, Fifty Seventh Street, and Fifty Eighth Street, New York.*



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

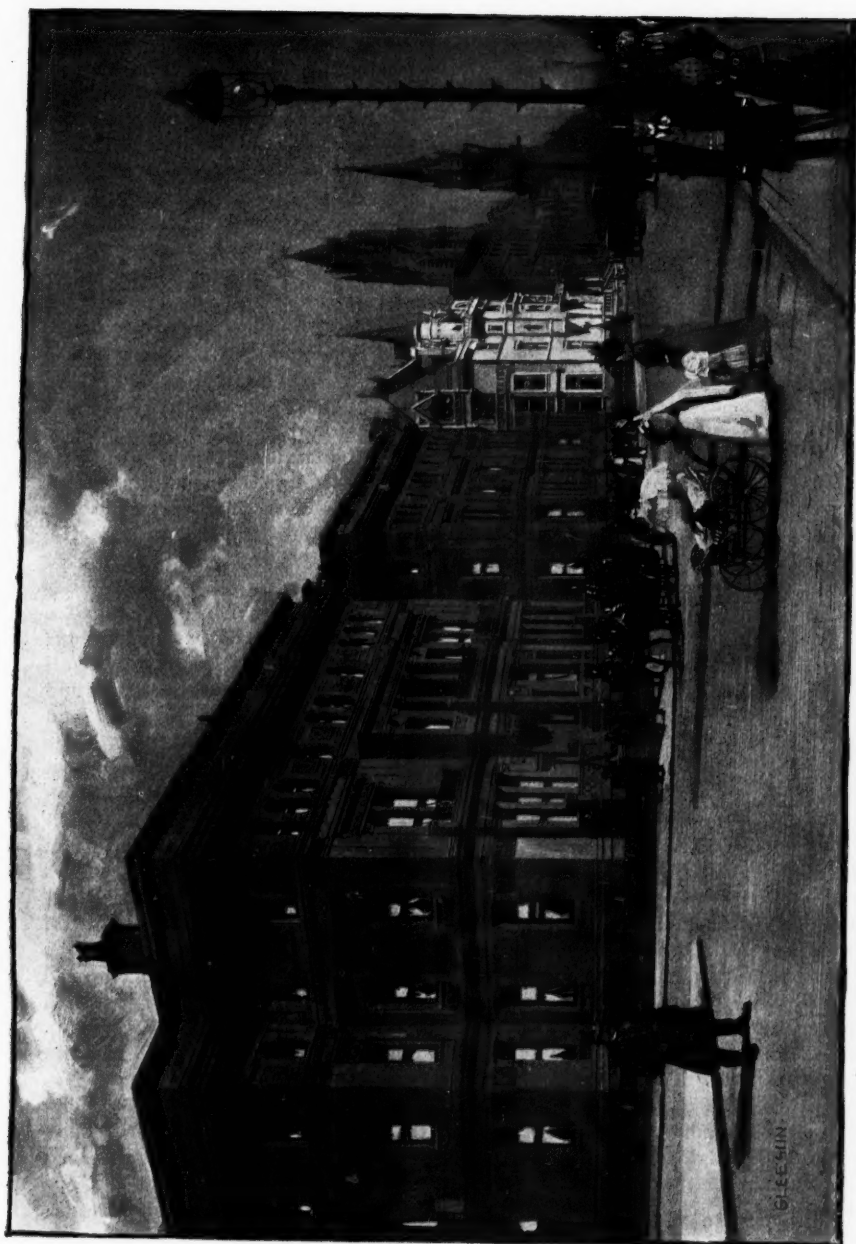
*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*

ities of latter day industrial concentration.

The Astor estate is now held by the great grandchildren of its founder; that of the Vanderbilts is a generation younger. Both are remarkable exceptions to the rule that a fortune is far more often squandered than augmented by those who inherit it from its maker. Indeed, in their continued inheritance of financial ability, the Vanderbilts are paralleled only by the Rothschilds. And with all its levers of political influence, with the prestige of the support of a dozen crowned heads, and with a century's leadership in the bourses of Europe, the famous Jewish house has amassed wealth that is probably not very far superior to the united possessions of the children of William H. Vanderbilt.

Eighty years ago Cornelius Vanderbilt was a country lad of twenty, the son of a Staten Island farmer, and the descendant of a line of Dutch settlers who had never manifested any ambition to rise above the paternal soil. His worldly possessions consisted of a small sail boat, with which he was operating a primitive ferry between his native island and New York. His opportunities certainly seemed small, but his natural aptitude for money getting was extraordinary. He was a man who would have grown rich upon a desert island. At twenty three he had a steamer plying from the metropolis through the Kills to New Brunswick, with a hotel at the latter place managed by his wife.

But the vision of the bold young ferryman was fixed upon far greater



Fifth Avenue, New York, Looking North from Fifty First Street.  
*The large double brown stone house is that of the late William H. Vanderbilt; the white house beyond is W. E. Vanderbilt's.*

things. He foresaw that the future of American commerce lay with the West, and he conceived a plan for a steamship line to the Pacific Coast by way of Central America. To secure the capital he needed, he went to Wall Street, and

urban line of the New York & Harlem. Its stock was selling at eight or nine dollars a share when Commodore Vanderbilt began buying it, during the war. He acquired control of it, improved its management, and quadrupled the value



William Kissam Vanderbilt.

succeeding in enlisting support to the extent of four million dollars. The Nicaragua Transit Company, as the enterprise was called, proved a failure; but with characteristic shrewdness its promoter escaped without loss from its collapse, and stepped from its ruins to more extensive projects in the same line. His vessels—at one time he had as many as sixty in commission—crossed the Atlantic, and divided with those of the Pacific Mail the Isthmus traffic of the days of the California gold rush.

Meanwhile he was graduating from steamships into railways—a field of operations whose vaster possibilities he was one of the first to realize. The foothold from which he began to move the railroad world was the little sub-

of the property. When his possession was challenged in the speculative arena he beat his enemies at their own game, and drew colossal profits from the two historical "Harlem corners," in which he forced the stock up to \$179 and again to \$285 a share. At almost three score and ten, with little previous experience of railroad management or of speculation, he inflicted successive Waterloos upon the craftiest operators of the exchange, backed, in these cases, by the most unscrupulous legislative manipulation.

Again and again were the commodore's powers shown in his control of the New York Central, which he acquired a few years later. His operations in its stock were such as Wall Street had never seen before and has not witnessed since. And with all his "milking" of the exchange, he never sought—after the fashion too common with railroad magnates—to enrich himself at the expense of

the corporations he controlled. He was always a builder and never a wrecker of values. He found New York Central an unprofitable, second rate concern; he left it quite or nearly the finest and most substantial railroad property in America.

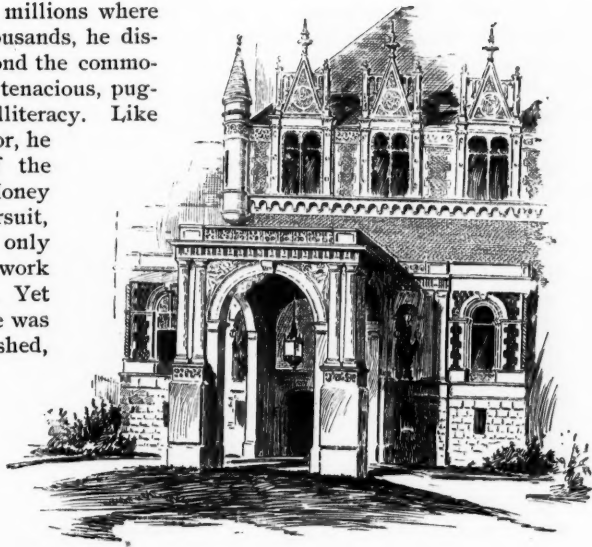
Commodore Vanderbilt has generally been ranked as the commanding personality, the one great financial genius, of the family. Such an estimate is decidedly unjust to his second son and successor, William H. The latter's character may have lacked the self assertive and militant element that made his father so marvelously successful in fighting his way from penury to wealth; but as the holder of a vast estate, as the manager of a great railroad system, as

a financier who handles millions where other men deal with thousands, he displayed abilities far beyond the commodore's. The father was tenacious, pugnacious, uncultured to illiteracy. Like the first John Jacob Astor, he was an incarnation of the money getting spirit. Money making was his one pursuit, his single thought, his only taste; it was his life work and his sole amusement. Yet in heaping up wealth he was outstripped by his polished, astute, and diplomatic son. In seventy years of business activity the commodore amassed a fortune estimated at \$90,000,000. William H., inheriting some \$75,000,000 of this, in nine years added

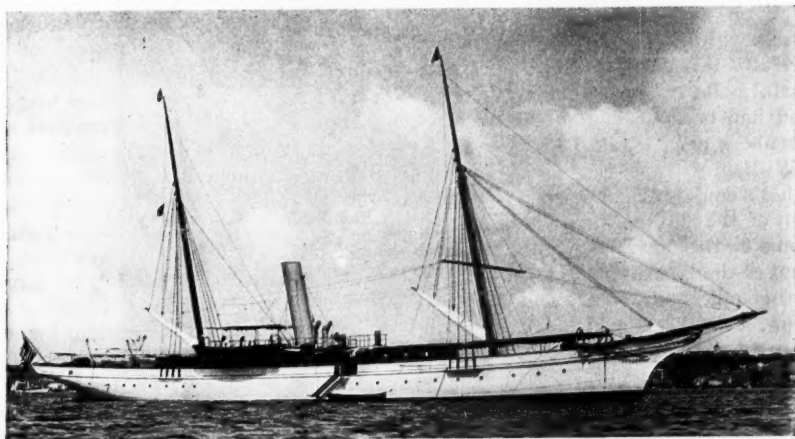
quite or nearly \$150,000,000 to the pile. This marvelous difference in the ratio of increase is much too great to be explained away as due to the natural momentum of a vast financial accumulation.

And if it was the elder man who first made the New York Central profitable, it was the younger one who made it the nucleus of the far reaching network of steel highways that is now "the Vanderbilt system." The commodore had

long distrusted, or seemed to distrust, his son's capacity for the management of large undertakings. Long after Cornelius was a millionaire and a power in the world of finance, William H. was on the old homestead, living the simple life of a Staten Island farmer. There is a story that he first established himself in his father's esteem by making him the victim of a smart trick. In some way the commodore had become possessed of a quantity of fertilizer. When



Doorway of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Residence—Fifty Eighth Street Front.



The Conqueror, Cornelius Vanderbilt's Yacht.



his son asked for "a couple of loads" of it for his farm, he readily consented, thinking that wagon loads were meant; but William secured the two largest scows in the harbor, and took away the whole of the stuff.

The incident is of doubtful authenticity. Certain it is that the younger

huge estate—probably the greatest ever yet left by will—was divided among his eight children, the bulk of it going to the two elder sons, Cornelius and William Kissam. Each of the others—the two younger sons, Frederick and George, and the four daughters, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. W. Seward



The Valiant, William K. Vanderbilt's Yacht.

man's début as a railway manager was made when, at his father's suggestion, he was appointed receiver of a bankrupt company that owned a dozen miles of track on Staten Island. The experiment—which no doubt the commodore carefully watched—was brilliantly successful. In two years the debts of the road had been cleared off, and its stock was above par.

William H. was now taken into his father's confidence, appointed vice president of the Harlem road, and then promoted to the same post in the management of the New York Central. It was in this office, which he held for many years, that his great services to the property were rendered.

Commodore Vanderbilt died in January, 1877. William H. outlived him less than nine years, being stricken down very suddenly in December, 1885. His

Webb, Mrs. William D. Sloane, and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly—received ten million dollars and a Fifth Avenue mansion.

The present generation of Vanderbilts have commanded the respect of the community both in their private lives and in the management of their vast property. Especially has Cornelius, the head of the house, and the active custodian of its financial interests, demonstrated great personal ability and commendable public spirit. He began life as a bank clerk, in the days when his father was still a Staten Island farmer; and he thoroughly qualified himself as a railroad manager by working his way up from the bottom of the ladder.

In the Vanderbilts of today, and in their children, there is every prospect of a long continued maintenance of the remarkable traditions of the family.

## LITERARY CHICAGO.

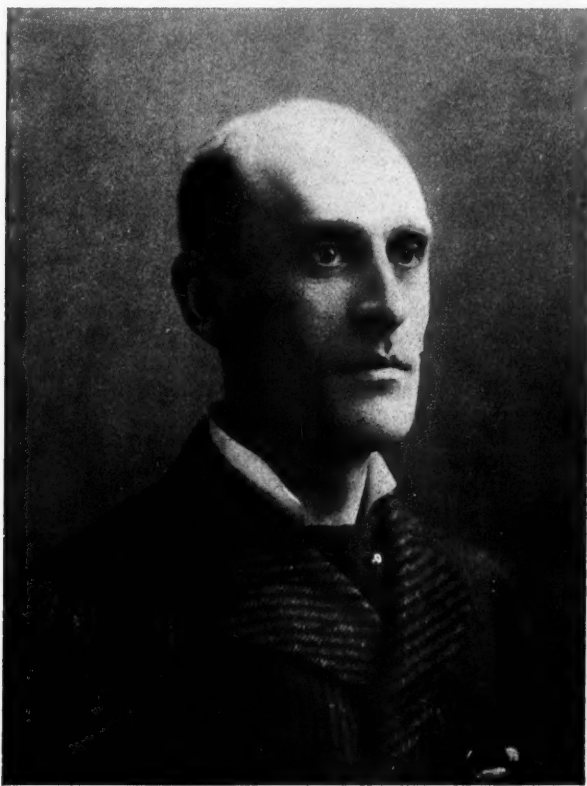
*Authors and authorship in the young metropolis of the West—Eugene Field, Henry Fuller, Opie Read, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and many others—Chicago's notable achievement and still greater promise in the field of letters.*

By Moses P. Handy.

SOMEbody has said that when Chicago makes up her mind to be cultured, and to have a literature of her own, she will simply give the necessary orders, and see that they are filled with neatness and despatch.

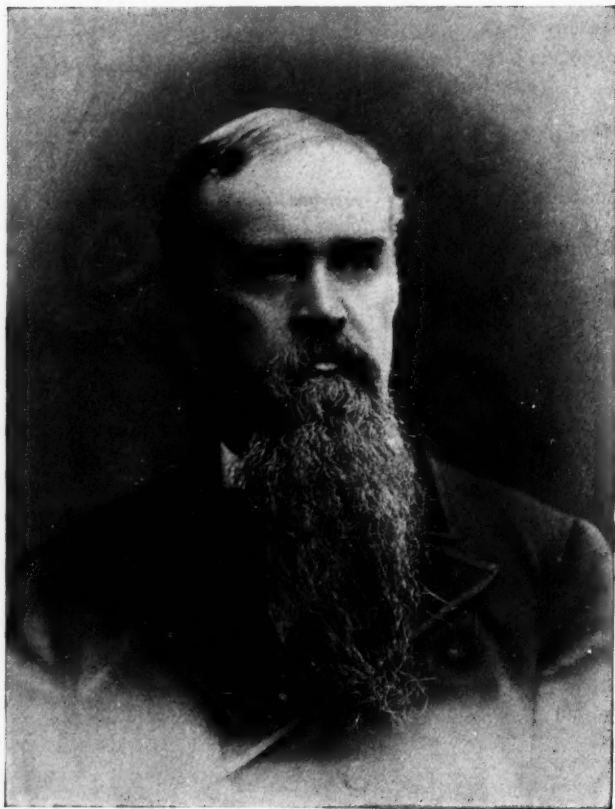
This remark is founded on experience, and fairly reflects the popular estimate of

Chicago's ability to do pretty much what she pleases, without regard to traditional methods or to the slower processes of older communities. Pending the filing of her order, however, for a complete literary outfit, she can show a very marked movement in literature. It is the purpose of this article to note,



Eugene Field.

*From a photograph by Morse, Chicago.*



George P. Upton.

*From a photograph by Brisbois, Chicago.*

without critical remarks, some of the characteristics of that movement, and to enumerate those who are to be credited with an honorable participation therein.

In a community of such rapid growth, and such ceaseless industrial bustle, the surprise of the stranger is not that Chicago has neither a school of literature of her own, nor literary genius matching in imposing proportions her genius of business; but that so many men and women have found time to cultivate literature, and to give expression in literary form to so much that is palatable to the reading public. Neither Boston nor Philadelphia, nor even New York, could show a better general result in the first half century of their existence, and although each of these cities may today be more prolific in great authors, Chicago holds her own with two or three stars of nearly

the first magnitude, and a constellation of lesser lights that would have been impressive, if not dazzling, before it became the fashion all over America to write books.

The name that first comes to most minds in considering Chicago and its contributions to current literature is that of Eugene Field. Mr. Field has no rival in his unique personality, in the wide range of his endeavors, in the spontaneity of his humor, in the grace of his prose, or in the fertility of his poetic fancy. More than anybody else, he speaks for Chicago, even when he makes her fads and foibles the mark of his keenest shafts of satire.

A great deal of his best work has been done under the pressure so familiar to most journalists—the necessity of turning out a column a day for a morning

paper. But that column, "Sharps and Flats," has been for years the very best relish served at Chicago breakfast tables; and considering the exigencies of this sort of work and the multifarious topics

all quaintly entitled, meaty in matter, and reflecting in binding and typography phases of his bibliolatriy. His "Little Book of Western Verse," "Little Book of Profitable Tales," and "With Trump-



Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

*From a photograph by Hall, Hoopston, Ill.*

upon which he touches, the wonder still grows that nothing he writes is lacking in artistic finish. It is not uncommon to find in his column an essay in bibliography, a metrical translation from a Latin poet, a poem for children which will find its way into a thousand scrap books, a dozen personal items about men, women, and dogs in the suburb in which he lives, literary anecdotes of his own invention, and a fling at Governor Altgeld or a dish of political gossip spiced to his own peculiar taste without much regard to anybody else's.

Mr. Field's books are made up chiefly of his verses. There are nine of them,

et and Drum," which last is a collection of delightful poems for and about children, are those in most request. "Echoes from the Sabine Farm" are translations from Horace, made in collaboration with his brother, Roswell Martin Field.

When Henry Fuller wrote the "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," although a Chicagoan, he was almost as much a stranger to Chicago as to London. There was so little of Western flavor in his work, and so much that was cosmopolitan withal, that it was hard to believe that he was to be fairly accredited to the Lake City. Here, however, was a Chicagoan at once recognized as one

who, with this single credential, could command recognition of his work as genuine literature.

Mr. Fuller has not written very much since; but what he has written has served to confirm his claims to high consideration. In "The Cliff Dwellers," he depicts with masterly ability some hitherto untouched phases of life in



George Horton.

Drawn by V. Grihayedoff from a photograph.

Chicago, and the result is a book which, while not entirely acceptable to those of his townspeople who have not outgrown the sensitiveness of the early period of a city's evolution, still is thoroughly surcharged with local color.

Stanley Waterloo, whose versatile pen has been chiefly efficient in newspaper work, takes high rank among Chicago writers for the excellence of his fiction. He is a "soul soaked in out of doors," and he is at once a poet, a student, an interpreter of nature, and a master of forceful English. His best efforts in fiction are "An Odd Situation," and "A Man and a Woman." The novel last named is a story of life in the northern part of the Mississippi valley, where occurred the sharpest and quickest contrasts in living, and perhaps the most real of social tragedies, simply because in that region five hundred years

of human existence were condensed into one hundred. Here, in Mr. Waterloo's opinion, is the real theater of the American novel; and on this stage he has certainly presented a most entertaining study of scenes and characters unfamiliar to the average reader. Mr. Waterloo is a man of marked personal qualities which make him very popular. The high esteem in which he is held by his professional brethren was twice attested by his election to the presidency of the Chicago Press Club.

Opie Read, another graduate from the newspaper press, is a humorous, graphic, and quaint writer whose work always commands popular favor without any concession on the part of the author to a degenerate taste. His earliest fame was acquired as founder and editor of the *Arkansas Traveler*, but in late years he has devoted himself to the writing of books. Of these the best is "The Kentucky Colonel"; others are "Emmett Bonlore," "Len Gansett," "The Colossus," and "The Tennessee Judge." He informs me that he is now "shredding his nerves" in writing "The Wives of the Prophet."

A Chicago litterateur whose social prominence has hitherto eclipsed the merit of his literary achievements is Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. Blessed with an abundant fortune, and with every temptation to abandon himself to a life of unprofitable ease and luxury, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has surrendered himself to hard work in the exercise of a high ambition. His literary career began six years ago in the publication of a high class weekly called *America*. In this he had the editorial coöperation of Slason Thompson, one of the most vigorous writers on the Chicago press, to whom, by the way, the world owes a debt for his collection of the work of "The Humbler Poets." *America* lived eighteen months, and cost the projectors \$75,000. In 1891 Mr. Chatfield-Taylor published "With Edged Tools," which was a *succes d'estime*, but gave little promise of the ability shown in his second novel, "An American Peeress." This last work is a capital





Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor.

*From a photograph by Morse, Chicago.*

story told with literary skill, and has proved very acceptable to the English as well as the American public.

Many books bear testimony to the industry and versatility of John McGovern. He has written much good prose and some good verse. Mr. McGovern properly prefers that his literary ability should be measured not by those of his works which have had the largest sale, but by his "Golden Legacy," which is

a treasure house of learning, and his satire, "King Darwin." "Daniel Trentworthy" is the best of his novels.

Probably the best paying and certainly one of the most pleasing of our American comic operas is "Robin Hood," which is the work of Harry B. Smith and Reginald DeKoven, both Chicagoans. This piece has returned its authors about \$100,000 in royalties; and in the fifth year of its life it still oc-

cupies the stage with acceptability, both here and in England. Mr. Smith has written a number of other successful stage pieces. He accounts as his *chef d'œuvre* "Will Shakspeare," a comedy which has not been played owing to the

every Sunday for twelve years past, which are unique in American journalism. Although every variety of subject touching the stage has been discussed in these monographs, they have had mostly to do with the ethics of the



Opie P. Read.

From a photograph by Platz, Chicago.

difficulty of finding a suitable actor for the title character, but which, in a limited edition, has been printed and received high praise from the critics. He has in press a volume of charming *vers de société* to appear this fall.

Mention of the relation of authorship to the stage suggests the high attainments of Chicago in dramatic and musical criticism, in the persons of Barron, Upton, and McPhelim. Elwyn A. Barron, a Southerner by birth, is the author of a series of dramatic essays, published

theater. First of all a newspaper man, Mr. Barron has also done a great deal of literary work, his most noteworthy production being a four act tragic romance of great dramatic strength, "The Viking."

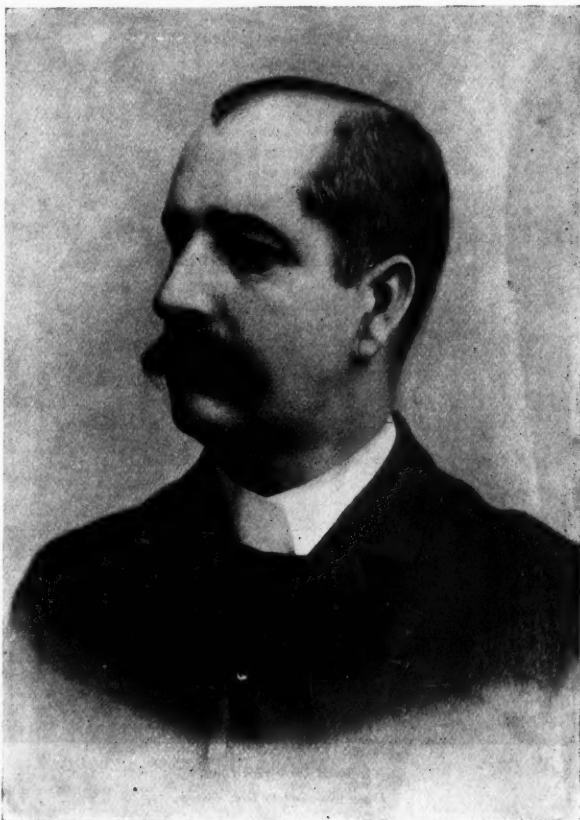
George P. Upton, who wrote the first musical criticism ever printed in a Chicago paper, is the editor of numerous books on musical topics, including a series on standard operas, standard oratorios, and standard symphonies, which are in the nature of analyses of

these various forms of music for popular use and reference.

Franklin H. Head's "Insomnia of Shakspeare" is a literary brochure whose originality and subtilty has made

act piece "A Glimpse of Paradise" is a little gem. His latest effort in this line is "A Masked Battery," written for Miss Marie Tempest.

T. S. Dennison is a writer of salable



Stanley Waterloo.

*From a photograph by Briabois, Chicago.*

it almost a classic among well informed book lovers.

Edward Owings Towne has written chiefly for the stage, and has just been awarded, over a hundred competitors, a thousand dollar prize for the best one act play, the successful work being entitled "For Sweet Charity's Sake." One of his plays, "By Wits Outwitted," has kept the stage for the last two years.

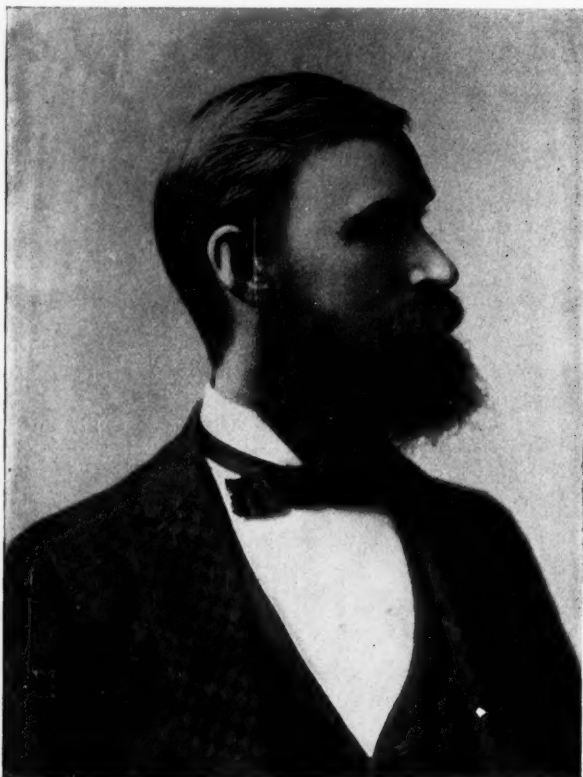
Frank S. Pixley is another playwright of excellent promise. His one

plays for amateur production, and is the author of a novel, "The Man Behind." He has the distinction of being an author with a bank account.

It is interesting to note that one of the most prolific writers in Chicago is a cousin of Rider Haggard. Austin Granville, an Englishman by birth and education, has turned out a wonderful amount of work in a few years. His first novel was the "Shadow of Shame," a romance of the Franco Prussian war. He has since written "A Fallen Race,"

"Fair Jewess," "Starving Russia," and half a dozen other books, the latest being "If the Devil Came to Chicago." He is now writing "A Man from Mars," and "The Second Deluge," the latter

other very capable writers. Charles Eugene Banks has written some excellent verse, and two volumes, "Where Brooks Flow Softly," and "Quiet Music." Leroy Armstrong is a clear and virile



Edward Owings Towne,

From a photograph by Root, Chicago.

dealing with the supposed destruction of the world by Biela's comet.

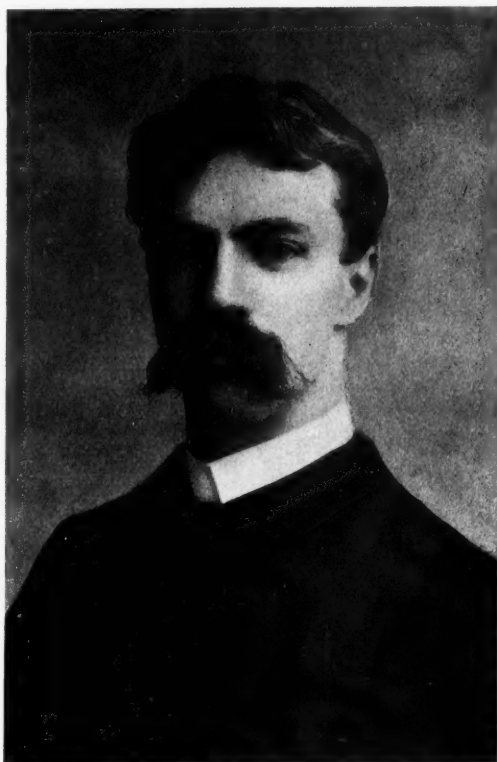
In literary criticism the *Dial*, edited by F. F. Browne, has found favor at home and abroad by its candor, fearlessness, and fidelity to the best standards. And here it is to be noted that all of the great Chicago papers devote much attention to the review of new publications, and have in this way done much to foster and encourage literary activity, and to make good books popular with the masses.

Within the limitations prescribed, it is not possible to give deserved attention in detail to the work of numerous

writer with fine descriptive powers. "Washington Brown, Farmer," is his best work. George Horton, now United States consul at Athens, is a scholarly writer, with a distinctly literary style. John Ritchie, the Nestor of Chicago reporters, has found time to give the public a poem of real power called "Hassan." A book of promise, "An American Nobleman," is by William Armstrong. Charles Scates is a clever teller of short stories. Ernest McGaffey woos the muses in a most captivating way, though modesty has too often kept his light under a bushel. Edgar Lee Masters and Nixon Waterman are other

minor poets of merit. Captain Jack Crawford, Paul Hull, Barrett Eastman, Forrest Crissey, J. Percival Pollard, Edward Freiberger, W. S. Beresford, James Chisholm, and a number of others

American novelists; and she has done nothing that has fallen below the high standard which she then raised. Mrs. Catherwood, apart from her distinction in literature, is esteemed by all who



Elwyn A. Barron.

*From a photograph by Flats, Chicago.*

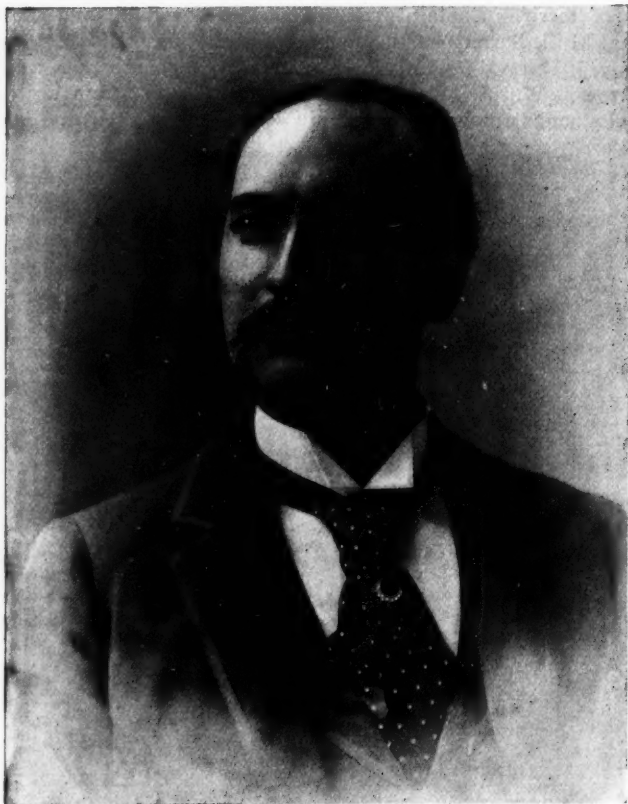
figure as graceful writers either in prose or verse.

Women are doing almost as much as men to make Chicago's record in American literature. Indeed, one of them, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, I might place at the top of the list without regard to sex. Mrs. Catherwood began by writing some quaint children's stories for *Wide Awake*. She brought the manuscript of her first great success, "The Romance of Dollard," to the *Century*, and in the face of refusals even to look at any more serials made them read it. With the appearance of that masterly piece of fiction in print she took rank immediately among the foremost

know her as an ideal woman with all of the domestic virtues. We have much yet to hope for from her enthusiastic and intelligent studies of the picturesque days of early American history.

A favorite writer of stories for children is Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, whose work always finds cordial welcome in American homes. The only book of hers, so far as I have knowledge, is a volume of fugitive verse—"Heart's Content." Ten years ago all of her collected work and notes, a completed book for young people, and a novel nearly finished, were destroyed by fire. The blow was so crushing that she seemed to relax in literary activity. There is an intima-





Harry B. Smith

tion, however, that she will soon come before the public with a novel.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason has pursued a peculiar line of work greatly to the entertainment of the best class of readers. Her book, "The Women of the French Salons," issued simultaneously in New York and London, was one of the most successful of the year 1891. The *Westminster Review* spoke of it as "an invaluable commentary on French history." It was also a monument of patient and intelligent research in American and French libraries, and in point of literary style must have high praise. Mrs. Mason is a Puritan of New England descent. She has published one serial story, "Under Currents."

Mrs. Lindon W. Bates is an interesting story teller, whose work is saturated with the best flavor of the Western soil. Her first published volume was "A

Blind Lead," which found a publisher in the East. Her "Armais and Others" has received popular approval, and her serial "A Frontier Fiction," whose publication was interrupted by the suspension of *Belford's Magazine*, promised to be a novel of marked excellence.

Miss Harriet Monroe might well be called the poet laureate of Chicago. The title is hers by virtue of an official designation to write the text of the cantata sung in Chicago at the opening of the Auditorium in March, 1891, and also to write the Columbian Ode read at the dedication of the World's Columbian Exposition. Miss Monroe's first work was a sonnet on Shelley; perhaps her best is the poem "Valeria." This gave title to the volume, "Valeria and Other Poems," which was published in luxurious form in 1891, and later in a popular edition. She is a woman of most in-

teresting personality, in whom lies promise of performance even excelling her past achievements. A portrait of Miss Monroe was published in *MUNSEY'S* for March, 1893.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kirkland, whose

three books during the last few years—"Alexia," "Bentley's," and "Papers on India," the last written after a visit to that country.

Miss Lillian Bell is best known by her "Love Affairs of an Old Maid," and



Mrs. Lindon Bates.

*From a photograph by Morse, Chicago.*

name is a household word in Chicago in view of her educational work, is the author of short histories of France and England which have had wide sale. She has also written "Speech and Manners," "Six Little Cooks," and "Dora's Housekeeping."

Mrs. Margaret Sullivan is a brilliant journalist. Though I am not aware that she has written any books, there is no abler editorial writer connected with the press of Chicago. In descriptive work, such as she did at the opening of the Paris and Chicago expositions, she is almost without a rival.

Mrs. Mary P. Abbott is another newspaper worker whose writings have the flavor of literature. She has published

"A Heart of Brier Rose." Mrs. Fanny Hale Gardener excels in her translations from the French and Spanish. Noteworthy among these are Madame Bazan's "Russia; its People and Literature," and a "Life of Madame de Staël." Mrs. Marie Moore Marsh's "Vic; the Autobiography of a Fox Terrier," has passed through several editions. Other women writers who should be mentioned are Amy Leslie, Anna Oldfield Wiggs, Theresa Dean, Lillian Summers, Josephine W. Bates, and Lou B. Chapin.

So much for the Chicago writers and their work. It remains to be said that in the publishing of books that city is coming to the front more prominently



John McGovern.

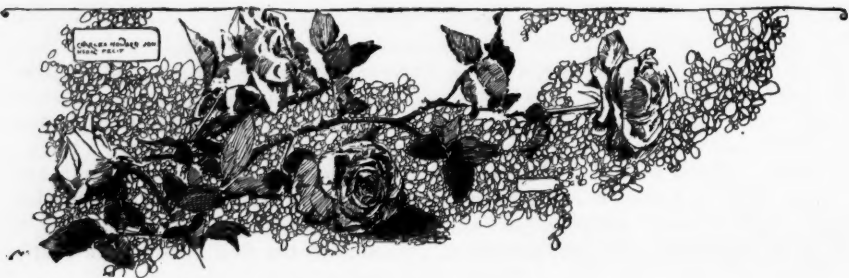
*From a photograph by Stevens, Chicago*

every year. A Chicago imprint has long since ceased to be a novelty on the book shelves and news stands in the East; and while much of the product of the Western city's publishing industry is not literature, the comparison in this respect is not altogether favorable to the East.

As to readers, despite her conglomerate and polyglot population, there is no city in the country which is a better buyer of good books; and the attitude of the intelligent public towards people of

literary pursuits is no longer one of patronage, even if it cannot yet be said that it takes the form of homage to genius in literature, as it certainly does, since the World's Fair, to genius in the fine arts.

Thus far, it has been observed, there is more authorship than literature in Chicago. The story is one of promise rather than of performance; but what there has been of performance justifies the expectation of abundant fruitage in due season.



## THE STAGE

### THE NEW SEASON.

AFTER a summer of unexampled dullness, the new theatrical year began on August 27, when in New York, which in matters dramatic is the capital of the country, Daly's, the Empire, the Lyceum, the Star, and the American threw open their doors for the season of 1894-5. We mention this date specifically because more houses started then than at any other time. The Garden Theater, for instance, entered the race again on the 25th, with "1492" still the attraction, new scenery, costumes, features, and living pictures giving it such a fresh lease of life that its successor, "Little Christopher Columbus," the burlesque in which May Yohe made her London hit, may be forced to linger many a week yet without the doors.

Mr. Abbey's season of grand opera at the Metropolitan will begin November 19, with Eames, Melba, and Sybil Sanderson as his strong cards.

At Abbey's Theater, Francis Wilson will be succeeded by Lillian Russell for seven weeks; then will come the Kendals for five, to be followed by Beerbohm Tree and his London company in "A Bunch of Violets." Next will be the six weeks' engagement of Sarah Bernhardt, a return of the Kendals for a fortnight, and finally a season of German opera.

The Bostonians will succeed De Wolf Hopper at the Broadway Theater, producing one or more new operas, with probably a revival of "Fatin-itza." Then at this house in January will be brought out the great new Sardou play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," which is largely responsible for the Napoleonic craze that has turned up in Europe during the past summer.

Much is expected of Augustus Thomas' latest play, "New Blood," brought to

Palmer's after a successful Chicago production. The same may be said for "The New Boy," which Charles Frohman has imported from London for the Standard Theater in the hope that it will prove a fit companion money winner to "Charley's Aunt." Fewer road companies than ever before are being sent out, and managers everywhere are planning with caution.

— — —  
DELIA STACEY.

THE daughter of a colonel in the United States Army, and born at one of our fron-



Delia Stacey.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

tier forts, Delia Stacey's early girlhood was as far removed from footlight glitter as could be imagined. But she became possessed of a longing for the stage, and through the efforts of her family's stanch friend, the late General Sherman, the veteran first nighter, she secured a position with Augustin Daly's company.



Helen Dauvray.

But as she saw little chance of promotion here, she left at the end of a year to go to the Casino. The opportunity she was longing for did not come until she had gone on the road with the "Nadjy" company, and Marie Jansen fell ill in Baltimore.

From this on, Miss Stacey seems to have been particularly fortunate in being at hand to take the place of those higher on the Thespian ladder than herself. She made her first great hit with James T. Powers in "A Straight Tip," and now has been en-

gaged by Charles Frohman for his "Charley's Aunt" company.

#### AN UNCERTAIN LUMINARY.

HELEN DAUVRAY has had a strange career. When she was playing *Kate Shipley* in "One of Our Girls" at the Lyceum Theater, before that playhouse came under the management of Dan Frohman, all New York flocked to see her, and the little house on Fourth Avenue enjoyed the first success in its history. Miss Dauvray's path to fame seemed to stretch out smooth and straight before her. Then she suddenly married John Ward, the baseball player, and the footlights knew her no more for a time. But their attraction was too strong to be resisted. Miss Dauvray (it is a prerogative of actresses to be entitled to the perennial use of the prefix that is a synonym of youth) returned to the stage in "The Whirlwind." This did not blow her much good, but she redeemed herself by making a most captivating Quakeress in last season's success, "The Prodigal Daughter."

Miss Dauvray, by the by, is very much opposed to wearing a wig, and seldom if ever conceals her jet black hair of satiny texture. She has this season become a star again, going out with a comedy by Gill entitled, "That Sister of His."

#### FRITZ WILLIAM'S SUCCESS.

THE new season of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater company was opened at Hooley's, Chicago, August 13, with "The Amazons." Last winter's New York success was repeated, and, just as in Gotham, so the critics of the Windy City made special mention of the excellent work of Fritz Williams as the Frenchman.

Mr. Williams, by the way, is not German, as his first name might lead some to suppose. He was christened Fred, after his father, and it was in order to avoid domestic confusion that the son was turned into Fritz. He was born in Boston, August 23, 1869, his parents having been members of the Museum company for fifteen years. Fred Jr.'s first appearance was made as a baby in the arms of William Warren in the farce, "Seeing Warren."

When he came to years of discretion, he began as a singer in juvenile opera, then as a player in a theater orchestra. But inherited leanings toward sock and buskin were not to be turned aside, and while a fresh-



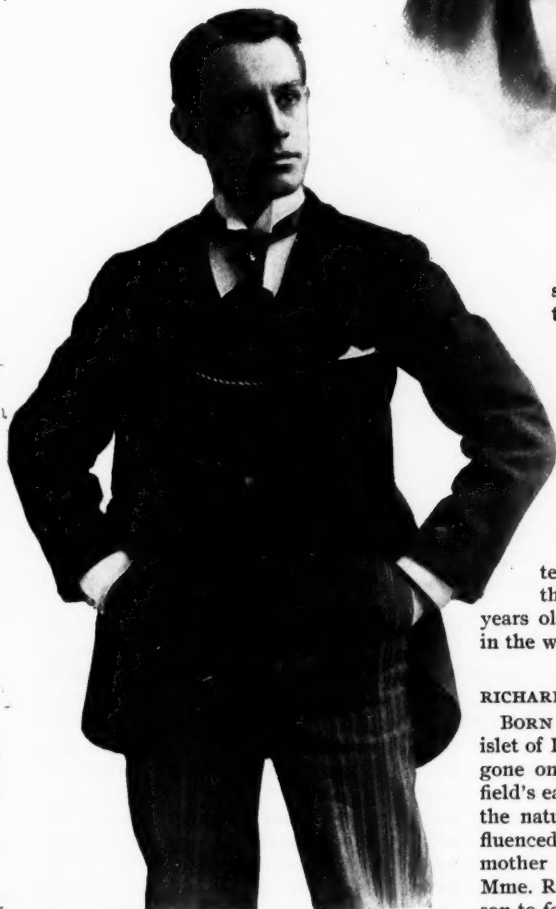
man at college young Mr. Williams joined Wallack's company. He came to the Lyceum, where his father is now stage manager, five seasons ago, and by his own undoubted ability, coupled with untiring study, has built up for himself a reputation that might easily turn the head of a less sensible fellow. It is this trait of modesty under rare provocation to enlargement of the cranium that makes Mr. Williams the charming man socially that he is.

#### SEYMOUR HICKS.

THOSE who laughed over the grotesque antics of *Thisbe*, one of the wicked stepsisters, when "Cinderella" was presented here last spring, will be surprised to



Seymour Hicks.



Fritz Williams.

see from our portrait of her interpreter what a handsome fellow Mr. Seymour Hicks is in his proper person. He and his wife, Ellaline Terriss (*Cinderella*) make a charming couple. They returned to England on the conclusion of their engagement at Abbey's, and have been playing at London's Gaiety Theater in "Jack Shepherd." Mr.

Hicks, by the way, has written the burlesque which is to follow this piece. He is only twenty three years old, and is bound to make his mark in the world.

#### RICHARD MANSFIELD'S ROMANTIC CAREER.

BORN thirty eight years ago on the rocky islet of Heligoland, whither his parents had gone on a pleasure jaunt, Richard Mansfield's early pathway was as stony as though the nature of his birthplace had really influenced the fates against him. His mother was the well known prima donna, Mme. Rudersdorf. She did not wish her son to follow the stage, in spite of the prediction of the Bishop of Lichfield, who,

seeing the boy enact the part of *Shylock* at a school entertainment, grasped his hand in congratulation and exclaimed: "Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become an actor; but should you, if I mistake not, you will be a great one."

Young Mansfield had some talent for

has received the backing for his many expensive productions.

Meanwhile his ambition to act was ever present with him. Out of hours he painted, hoping to sell his work and thus gain money to be expended in the study of that other art he loved best. In 1875 he



Richard Mansfield.

*From a photograph by Conly, Boston.*

painting, but no particular love for it. He could not forget the bishop's prediction, but the failure of the family fortunes compelled speedy decision on some course that would bring immediate returns. These he sought by emigration to America, where he made a livelihood by the unromantic occupation of clerking in the dry goods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., in Boston. Here he found in Eben D. Marsh a stanch friend, who has always remained such. The knowledge of this fact may serve as answer to the unspoken question of many who have wondered where Mr. Mansfield

returned to England, thinking that at home he would be more likely to find a market for his pictures. But nobody wanted them, his money gave out, and the young man felt the sting of poverty in chilled limbs and stomach clamoring for food. He was ready to die from privation when one night he procured an engagement to play at some unimportant hall, and when the hour came he was too weak to retain his seat on the music stool. But this seemed to be that darkest hour before the dawn, for soon after came relief and gratified ambition in the shape of an en-



Adele Ritchie.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

gagement to act with a company of barn stormers at three pounds a week.

At the end of seven years he was back in America again, a full fledged player, but with his head thrust no farther above the surface of commonplace merit than the vast majority of those whose names appear on playbills. His shoulders did not emerge and force the whole man into prominence until Mr. Palmer produced "A Parisian Romance" at New York's old Union Square Theater. Mansfield was cast for the small part of *Tirandel*. J. H. Stoddart was to play *Baron Chevrier*, but suddenly threw it up, declaring there was nothing in it. Mansfield stepped into his place, made the character the predominating one in the piece, and was famous from the night of the first production.

He is to open his season in New York at the Herald Square Theater in a new play, "Arms and the Man." Mr. Mansfield is most versatile in his accomplishments. He is a trained musician, a poet, a painter, a good shot, a deft oarsman, an expert horseman, a fine swimmer, and a first class fencer. He also sings acceptably, and speaks German, French, and Italian with equal fluency.

#### ADELE RITCHIE.

"I AM a Philadelphia Quakeress all through, and glad of it," Miss Ritchie says of herself.

But this fact is not to be allowed to interfere with her intention of devoting herself to comic opera. After a course of European study, she hopes one day to head



Lillian Swain.

*From a photograph by Moreno, New York.*

a company of her own. This season she is prima donna for Francis Wilson, opening in his new opera, "The Devil's Deputy," at Abbey's, for an eight weeks' season in New York, from September 10.

It is doubtless owing to her Quaker extraction that Miss Ritchie's abilities in the cooking line are quite unapproached by her sisters of the stage. She challenges the world at cake making, and is prouder of serving up a good dinner than of hearing her songs most loudly applauded. At least so she herself declares.

Of course she has pets—what member of the profession hasn't in these days of newspaper interviewing? Miss Ritchie's animal favorites are a turtle, a chameleon, a fox terrier, and a white cat. Another pet of hers is an aversion to having the public in-

terested in her doings when she is not before the footlights.

#### LILLIAN SWAIN.

A PRIME factor in the success of "The Mikado," during its all summer run in New York, was the *Pitti Sing* of Lillian Swain. Seldom if ever has the stage seen a more piquant interpretation of the coy little Japanese maiden.

"Who is this Lillian Swain?" people asked, referring to their program. "Why have we not heard of her before?"

She is a native of Gotham, having been born here twenty one years ago. Her ambitions at first were of a scholastic nature, for she entered on a collegiate career, which she left when she was eighteen, to go upon the stage. Her first venture in the dramatic



Viola Allen.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

field was with a "Trip to Chinatown" company. But she is passionately fond of music, so it was not long before she was singing in the "Bohemian Girl" and other operas with the Strakosch forces. During the coming season she is to appear in "Princess Bonnie."

#### HCW VIOLA ALLEN MADE HER DÉBUT.

THE story of Viola Allen's entrance upon a theatrical career is rather an astonishing one. To be sure, she is the daughter of Leslie Allen, the actor, but that detracts only in small measure from the marvel that she should have made an instantaneous hit in assuming, upon her first appearance on the stage, the leading rôle at one of New York's most prominent theaters. It was in the spring of 1882, when Annie Russell, having played in "Esmeralda" all winter at the Madison Square, went away for a vacation.

Miss Allen was nothing but a school girl then, and, in spite of being born in the profession, had seen very few plays. But she looked the part, and the management determined to try her in it. Her success was unmistakable, and she was afterwards sent upon the road with the piece.

Two years later she was leading lady for John McCullough. In April, 1885, she played in "Dakolar," Steele Mackaye's ill fated drama, with which New York's Lyceum Theater was opened. She is now at the head of Charles Frohman's Empire Theater company, where she will appear in Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Masqueraders," in November. Her interpretation of *Rosamund* in "Sowing the Wind" was one of last season's dramatic sensations.

#### MARION YOUNG.

It is doubtless owing to the fact that the





Marion Young.

*From a photograph by Somers, Memphis.*

career of an actor absorbs the entire personality that, more than any other profession, this one clings to the family in which it has once been adopted. The sons and daughters of players take as naturally to the stage as ducks to water, and it is rarely a case of wearing borrowed laurels, either. Indeed, in some instances, the second outcropping of the dramatic instinct yields a richer harvest than did the first. Edwin Booth will be recalled as a case in point, his genius far transcending that of his father.

Miss Marion Young has the actor's right to become famous, for her mother was Fanny Young, well known on the Western stage, while her uncle, Charles Young, was an Australian comedian. She is a California girl, and has played with Boucicault and Clara Morris. Last season she did Maude Adams' part in Charles Frohman's No. 2 "Masked Ball" company, and made a decided hit, especially in the tipsy scene. This year she is with "Charley's Aunt," which opened at New York's Empire Theater in August.

Our portrait of Miss Young shows her in the masquerade costume in which she appears for a brief moment in "The Masked Ball."

#### "THE VICTORIA CROSS."

ONE of the pleasantest features of the preliminary theatrical season in New York is Mr. Sothern's return to the Lyceum with a new play. But this year the pleasure was tinged with disappointment, for the vehicle with which the clever young actor sought renewed favor with the public proved to be sadly wanting in those elements which in previous offerings have given Mr. Sothern the opportunity to display his undoubted abilities. Mr. Potter's "Sheridan" fitted him so neatly that much was hoped from the same writer's "Victoria Cross," with its East India setting, admitting of so picturesque a mounting. And the first act fully redeemed these hopes, for it possesses rapid movement, sparkling lines, droll misunderstandings, and an effective climax, which brings Mr. Sothern, the young preacher, to the front on the shoulders of his friends as the winner of a horse race in which he has ridden to replace a missing jockey.

The second act, too, is fairly strong, but after this the incongruous elements predominate. If Mr. Potter could have held to comedy throughout, the result would have been, in all probability, a very happy one; but given a hero who has turned preacher from policy, and in whom the "old Adam" dies hard, or rather refuses to die at all, and let him pose at first as a fun provoker and then become so serious as to doubt the word of his fiancée—given these jarring notes, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Sothern's latest venture does not accord tunefully with "Chumley," "Letterblair," and "Sheridan." His many friends and admirers hope soon to see him in more congenial environment.

#### JOSEPH HAWORTH AND "ROSEDALE."

IN these days of the horse and tank drama, when the clatter of hoofs and the splash of waves too often take the place of plot and incident, it is a real pleasure to record the success attending the revival of a melodrama depending entirely on legitimate means for the interest it awakens. Some two years ago the wish was expressed in this department that a manager would once more bring Lester Wallack's "Rosedale" before the public; and last spring saw the wish realized, when the Grand Opera House company of Boston toured the country with the piece,

For the present season Joseph Haworth, who played leading man with this organization, has secured "Rosedale," and is starring in it, supported by a decidedly strong company. He makes an admirable *Elliott Gray*, the character created by Lester Wallack, part of whose uniform Mr. Haworth wears.

Joseph Haworth was born in Rhode Island in 1855, and began to act, when very young, in Cleveland, appearing first as the *Duke of Buckingham* in "Richard III." He was in his teens when he played *Laertes* to Booth's *Hamlet*, and the great tragedian manifested an active interest in the young player. Mr. Booth made him an offer, but he had already signed as leading man with the Boston Museum stock company, with which he remained for four seasons. For three years he supported John McCullough, and later gained distinction by creating the rôle of *Paul Kaurvar*.

Mr. Haworth has a pleasing personality, and his acting is distinguished by a dash and spirit which renders him especially adapted to such parts as the valiant *Elliott* in Wallack's play.

#### THE THEATER AS A MORAL AGENT.

HENRY IRVING is trembling for the future of the English drama. He is reported as being very much concerned over the way in which the music halls are drawing from the patronage of the theaters. "What is wanted," he says, "is state aid and recognition. The theater is or might be a great educative and moral power."

Granted that Mr. Irving is right, as he undoubtedly is, and that the playhouse is easily capable of becoming a moral agent in the education of the masses, it is not likely to accomplish much if this intention be emblazoned on the billboards. People go to the theater to be distracted, to forget, in contemplating the mimic joys and sorrows of the players, that they have worries and cares of their own. If a lesson be taught incidentally by the trend of the piece, well and good; it may sink into the mind and bear fruit at some future day. But those who stand most in need of learning these lessons, are not the ones who will go where a special point is made of their being taught.

#### THE "CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE."

THE "continuous show," appropriately enough, has evidently come to stay. The approach of warm weather and its departure are viewed with almost equal equanimity by the managers of these theaters, which

never close. That they are profitable goes without saying. There is no orchestra, a piano doing for that; no bother about having reserve seat coupons printed for each performance; and only a very limited period in each twenty four hours when the box office is not taking in money.

F. F. Proctor is to duplicate his New York house in Twenty Third Street by erecting another in East Fifty Eighth Street. One of the most beautiful theaters in Boston is that lately built by B. F. Keith, who claims to be the originator of these "keep the ball a rolling" performances. Mr. Keith is the owner of play-houses in Providence and Philadelphia, besides his Boston house, and another in New York, the latter establishment being the old Union Square, the site of A. M. Palmer's early triumphs, now made bright and new again.

Mr. Keith is reported to be one of the wealthiest members of the managerial profession, and if originality of method counts in the scales he is to be reckoned among the most enterprising.

#### DALY AND DIXEY.

THE theatrical surprise of the autumn was the engagement by Mr. Daly of Henry E. Dixey for his stock company. Mr. Dixey's debut in his new connection was made as *Snap*, the theatrical manager, in "A Night Off," and he occupied the place of honor on the house bills—his being the last name in the cast, preceded by that little but all powerful word "and." The erstwhile *Adonis* submits very gracefully to wearing the harness of the legitimate. Indeed, he has made an undoubted hit.

Mr. Daly is noted for his eccentricities of management. Along with many more complimentary epithets, he has been called erratic, stubborn, short sighted. The announcement of his engagement of Mr. Dixey was greeted first with incredulity, then with a quiet smile of amusement. But even during August nights, and with a play minus Ada Rehan, that had been seen many times before, the theater was crowded. Eccentricity can afford to be laughed at when it is so closely akin to cleverness.

As if in return for Mr. Daly's determination to domesticate himself in London for half the year, English actors are increasing the length and the frequency of their visits here. It is even rumored that Wilson Barrett is to take up his permanent residence among us. He is booked for an eight weeks' engagement at Mr. French's American Theater in New York, during which he is to produce at least three new plays.

#### SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S CHILD ACTORS.

"I FIND that the child members of my companies," said Sol Smith Russell one day, while talking with a Pittsburgh reporter, "are always the most conscientious actors of all. I remember the other night in a scene which I have with the little seven year old girl, I neglected to give her the proper cue on account of prolonged applause. The girl started, but fearing she was wrong, hesitated. I told her to go on; she was all right. Still she faltered. Finally she regained her composure and finished the scene. As soon as the curtain fell she burst out crying, and it took me some time to quiet her. I told her the mistake was mine and not hers, but no matter how much I said, I could not remove from her mind the feeling that she had failed. It was the only instance in which I have known her to have the least hesitation in saying her lines, and of course I was to blame.

"As a rule children are not addicted to that *mal de mer* of the theater—stage fright. While a little one may be timid and backward on going into a parlor full of strangers, she will never show any discomfort when she gets behind the footlights. She seems to forget that there is anything before them."

Mr. Russell added that for the past ten years he has not produced a play in which children do not appear. A little four year old girl who is now acting with him receives thirty dollars a week and her traveling expenses.

It is Mr. Russell's intention shortly to appear as *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," we understand.



# ETCHINGS



## SHORT BUT NOT SWEET.

SHE—"Have you ever had any experience of Wall Street, Mr. Lamb?"

HE—"Yes, indeed, plenty of it."

SHE—"How long were you there?"

HE—"Just fifteen minutes."

## STORIES OF WEDDINGS.

WITH or without the consent of certain latter day theorists, marriage is still the most interesting episode in a woman's life—or in a man's too, for that matter; and stories of hymeneal incidents are always in order. There is one of a fastidious parson who officiated in a region where a kiss to the bride was considered an indispensable part of the wedding ritual; but the looks of one newly made wife pleased him so little that he observed:

"At this point in the ceremony it is customary for the clergyman to kiss the bride, but in the present case we will omit that formality."

The justly indignant bridegroom waited for his revenge, which he got a few minutes later with—

"At this point in the ceremony it is customary to hand a sealed envelope to the clergyman, but in the present case we will omit that formality."

Many stories turn upon the young couple's dread of identification as bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour, and the ways in which they "give themselves away" to their fellow passengers. One couple drove through



THE FIGHTING PUP AND THE IRON  
DOG.



I.

town with a great assumption of dignified and indifferent demeanor, in blissful ignorance that an old shoe, thrown by a mischievous young brother, was perched upon the top of the vehicle, conspicuously announcing "Newly married!" to all the world.

There was another specimen of the "little brother" who, to secure a vantage



II.

point from which to throw rice upon his departing sister and her bridegroom, intrenched himself, with a huge bowl of the white grain, in a window directly over the front door. As the lucky—or unlucky—man stepped out, hat in hand, the bowl accidentally slipped and fell squarely upon his head; and the nearest hospital immediately became the objective point of the wedding tour.

JUDGE THOMPSON'S VICTORY.

A GOOD story of a Pennsylvania election campaign is told by Congressman Sibley,

Two candidates who wanted to represent their district at Washington met in joint debate in a backwoods town of Clarion County. One of them, General Reed, was a Lake Erie ship owner. Leading off, he spoke of his love for Clarion County and its people, and said that in its honor he had recently built the swiftest craft that ever sailed the lakes, and had named her Clarion. With a burst of his finest and most exuberant eloquence he told how, as she sailed from Buffalo to Erie, from Cleveland to Detroit, from Saginaw to Mackinaw, from Manitowoc to Oconomowoc, into every port



III.

upon our magnificent northern waterways the white winged Clarion proudly bore with her the name and fame of the Pennsylvania county.

The audience listened with rapt attention, and at the close of General Reed's speech the enthusiasm was unbounded. The district was very close. It included three counties, of which one was Democratic and the other Republican by about the same majority. The third county, Clarion, was



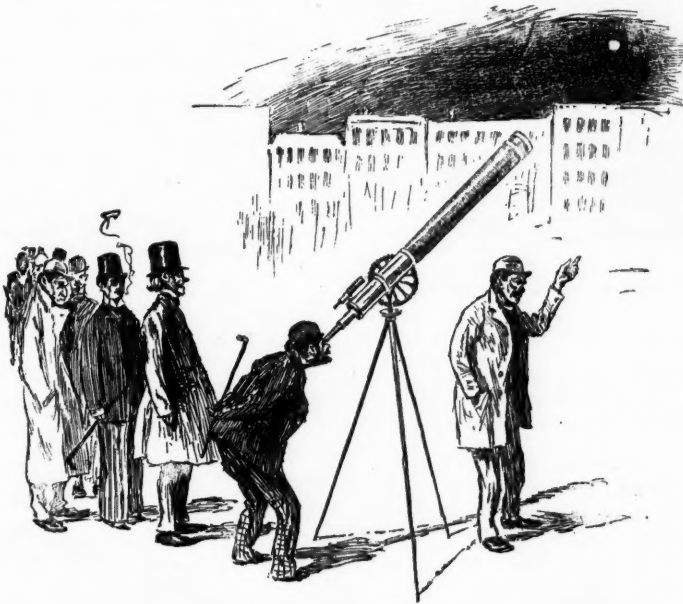
IV.



the debatable ground, and the votes of these backwoodsmen were likely to decide the election. It looked as if the general had won the day.

Judge Thompson, the other candidate,

a ship, and the fact that a vessel's name is always painted upon her stern was not considered. The indignation was intense. It found vent in groans and curses. General Reed sat stunned and voiceless. Attempts



ARTIFICIAL ASTRONOMY.

I—"This way, gents! Ten cents a peep at the wonderful new star that none of the astronomers can understand! It's supposed to forebode the end of the world! Ten cents a peep!"

waited for the excitement to subside. Then he stepped to the front of the platform, and said with impressive earnestness:

"Citizens of Clarion, what General Reed has told you is true. He has built a brig, and a grand one. But where do you suppose he painted the proud name of Clarion?" Turning to his rival he said: "Stand up here, sir, and tell these honest people where you had the painter put the name of Clarion. You never thought the truth would reach back here, sir. I shall tell these people the truth, and I challenge you to deny one word of it, sir. Yes, fellow citizens, he painted the proud name of Clarion under the stern of the brig—under her stern, gentlemen!"

Few of the audience had ever seen



II—(Later, a couple of blocks away)—"All right, Micky, you can haul down the little balloon now. Same place tomorrow night."

## MISSIONARY WORK IN NEW JERSEY.



I—"Madam, may I leave some tracts?"

at explanation were useless, and the vote of proud Clarion sent Judge Thompson to Washington.

## THE COURT WAS OVERRULED.

A LAWYER in a Western State, having a rather desperate case to defend, called the court's attention to the wording of the statute empowering the jury to "judge of the law as well as of the facts," and requested him to instruct accordingly. The judge somewhat reluctantly did so, adding, however, that the jury-

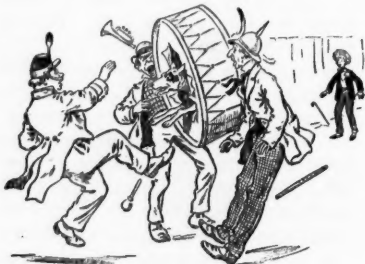


II—With Tige's assistance, he leaves some tracks.

## A MUSICAL SURPRISE.



BAND MASTER—"Schneider, you vas no musician—you don't know vat can be got out of that drum!"



Just then, thanks to Bruno, who once used to jump through hoops at the circus, more came out of the drum than any one expected.

## A MIRACLE.

A STORY is told by William Le Fanu of the well known Irish priest, Father Tom Maguire. A farmer, it seems, once asked his reverence what a miracle was. The priest gave a lengthy explanation, which did not quite seem to be what the applicant wanted.

"Now do you think, your reverence," he persisted, "that you could give me an example of a miracle?"

"Well," replied Father Maguire, "walk on before me, and I'll see what I can do for you."

The farmer complied, and as he did so the priest gave him a well aimed kick that made him howl with surprise and pain.

"Did you feel that?" blandly inquired his reverence.

"Owch! And why wouldn't I feel it?" the farmer said, rubbing the damaged portion of his anatomy. "Begorra I felt it sure enough."

"Well," Father Maguire replied, "it would be a miracle if you didn't."



## BREAKING IT, GENTLY.

UNCLE RASTUS—"Well, chile, how's your ma dis mawnin'?"

THE CHILE—"She ain't berry well—she's dead."



## GIVING HER DUE CREDIT.

MRS. VAN TATTLE—"I'm sure you can't say that I repeat scandalous stories."

HER HUSBAND—"No. To tell the truth, I believe you invent them all yourself."



## MY COMRADE.

## I.

I HAVE a comrade, bright and sweet;  
 She interests me more  
 Than other girls I chance to meet,  
 Who think me oft a bore.

## II.

Next to my heart she occupies  
 A place that is unique;  
 She looks at me with laughing eyes  
 No matter how I speak.

## III.

And when I crack a joke and wink,  
 As great men sometimes do,  
 To see her smile, you'd really think  
 She thought that joke was new!

## IV.

To me she always is the same.  
 Unlike some girls I know,  
 Who talk and talk, she's never tame  
 No matter where we go.

## V.

She's mine! Yet sadly do I trace  
 These lines. I cannot laugh,  
 For deep within my new watchcase  
 She's but a photograph.



# LITERARY CHAT

## AMERICAN AUTHORS ABROAD.

FOR some reason there have ceased to be any literary sets in the United States, corresponding to the groups that used to be found here and there. We can remember when Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne, Aldrich, Emerson, and a few others, were lights in Boston, and there was a great deal of "high thinking" there, some of which found its way into print as a leavener for the world.

Then people began to see the moving of the center to New York. But the spirit of New York does not foster the literary atmosphere. The best work in the world can be, and is, done there; but the literary man has little time to contemplate himself, and has absolutely no personal following. The men who care for that sort of thing have taken to living in London. There is in England a market for certain sorts of American wares, better than any that can be found here. Bret Harte, W. L. Alden, Robert Barr, and Henry Harland, are permanent deserters to the English camp, not to mention that cosmopolite, Henry James, Jr.

The last two have become so conspicuously un-American, that they are prominent contributors to that exponent of affectation, the *Yellow Book*. Mr. Harland is one of its editors. They call America erratic, and England conservative, but it will be many decades before such a production as the *Yellow Book* could find living room here; although, coming from London, many Americans buy it now, out of curiosity.

Mr. Harland was born in New York, in 1861, and his first book, "As it was Written," was supposed to be the work of a Jew. He began his literary life in Rome, where he assisted two Italians, a Greek, and an American, in editing an English newspaper. Here he made the acquaintance of the artists and writers, and all those young enthusiasts who go to foreign cities to study, and grow into the life, finding themselves unsuited to any other.

This was Mr. Harland's case. He came home and took a position in the surrogate's office, but turned to literature as the hand-maiden to lead him back to his old companions. He had always had a great admiration for Jewish character. Looking about him for entirely fresh material, he

found it in that little known race. He wrote early and late, studying Jews until he could pass among them for one of themselves. Then, when his novel was finished, he began the usual hunt for a publisher. There is a saying that all good books are rejected. It might be better said that all good books are finally accepted. Mr. Harland's first novel won him success, and by the time the third was published he was able to marry, and take his young wife to the Paris Latin Quarter, where they had adventures which he has written down.

## "TRILBY" AND HER CREATOR.

It is seldom indeed that a man lives a lifetime with one profession, becomes distinguished in it, and arriving at the age when most men are ready to let work slip from their hands, makes a sudden bound to the very head of a new calling. This is what George Du Maurier has done.

Thirty four years ago Mr. Du Maurier's drawings first appeared in *Punch*; and for thirty years his hand has been seen in almost every issue. His entire name is George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier. He was born in Paris in 1834, and we know without being told that he was educated there. He would doubtless have become a great painter had he not had a serious defect in one eye, which at times almost blinds him. He was compelled to devote what was until recently considered all his talent to studies in black and white. He was the first to see the ridiculous side of the "esthetic" craze, and it was he whose caricatures of Oscar Wilde created that young man's notoriety and made "Patience" possible. He has always been the keenest observer of fashionable follies and snobberies, and has pricked more than one bubble with the point of his pen.

He has lived in London most of his life, near Hampstead Heath, where he and his wife, with their dogs, are familiar figures in the landscape. His house is an ivy covered Gothic structure, filled with beautiful and rare works of art. He is one of the most popular men in London, bringing about himself all that is good in the world; so that when he began to write he had an inexhaustible store from which to draw.

His inspiration to write came from an American, Henry James. The story goes



that one day he and Mr. James were strolling through Kensington Gardens, chatting about this and that, when Mr. Du Maurier said: "I have a dozen stories in my head which I think would make good novels."

"I should like to hear one of them," said Mr. James; and then the story of "*Trilby*" was for the first time told. The author's tongue in that first telling could have conveyed no adequate idea of the charm of the story as it appears in book form. One must live with *Trilby* and *Taffy* and *Little Billee* and the *Laird* to have a sense of their delightfulness. Yet even then Mr. James was so pleased that he begged Mr. Du Maurier to write the story.

But "Peter Ibbetson" came first, and met with such a success that the world clamored for more, and "*Trilby*" made her debut. Already people are beginning to supply the story with a "key" to the characters. Mr. Whistler, as has been said on an earlier page of this magazine (page 10), has written an indignant letter to say that *Joe Sibley's* shoes fit his feet. Everybody has tried to find *Taffy* in real life, that they may go and love him in the flesh. He is, however, a composite photograph made up of three of Mr. Du Maurier's friends. The *Laird* is living, but *Little Billee* was a genius who died young—not from love of a *Trilby*, but his historian saw in him the possibilities of such a fate.

The charm we all feel in reading this delightful novel is the naturalness of real life. We see no artifice, we are carried along as easily as though we were living with these people, as though we were of them. Du Maurier is the real artist who without seeming effort has made us realize an alien life as only a genius could have realized it in living it. It is the highest perfection of art.

#### A STORY OF INDIA.

AFTER Rudyard Kipling there is coming a crowd of writers upon India, who do not seem to realize that the subject was not the one thing of interest in Mr. Kipling's work. His pictures would have had a style of their own wherever the model was found. In his "*Jungle Book*," which was written for children, but which is far over their heads, Mr. Kipling has gone back to his earlier and happier manner, and "*Tomai of the Elephants*" sends the blood through your veins.

But there is one new writer, Mrs. Steel, who is not following Mr. Kipling, but leading him as a delineator of Hindu life. In "*The Potter's Thumb*" she gives the scenery and the character of India in a

truthful and entertaining way. There may be a lack of those brilliant high lights which first dazzled us in Mr. Kipling's work, but we are compensated by a tranquil thought, an insight into native nature, where he only had an outside impression to give us.

#### A NEW IRISH NOVEL.

"*KERRIGAN'S QUALITY*" is a new Irish novel which tells you more of Ireland than all the learned books ever written.

It is the work of Jane Barlow, and many people are looking to her as the coming Irish novelist. She lives in Renley, a little village not far from Dublin, and like Charlotte Brontë, she is a recluse who knows little or nothing of the life she depicts, beyond what she sees from her window. She has a very delightful style, and what might be called a dramatic sense, with a repressed expression. In the picture of *Kerrigan's* return, rich, but seemingly poor, there is an impression of dramatic force suggested; and in the same character's appeal to his sister to leave the convent life and come to make a home for him, there is a real heart drama.

Miss Barlow writes truly and lovingly and with understanding of the Irish people, and she has the artistic eye which sees them in their most picturesque aspect. And through all her work is felt the hand of a self-respecting master.

#### ANOTHER ENGLISH NOVELIST.

ANTHONY HOPE, the author of "*A Prisoner of Zenda*," has written a most entertaining bit of serious foolery which has found favor in high places, as well as popularity. It is a latter day fairy tale, the story of a man who was for a brief time ruler of a country; and it is told with a delightful sense of humor and a modern, well bred, appreciative sprightliness.

The author's full name is Anthony Hope Hawkins. He is the son of a London clergyman, and was educated at Oxford. He is thirty years old, and a lawyer with a strong political tendency. Last year he was a parliamentary candidate for South Bucks, but was defeated—happily, his readers think. He had written two or three books before he made his popular hit, and they were all full of sustained interest. He can write, George Meredith declares, an almost perfect dialogue.

#### THE PROPHET ISSA.

THERE has been a considerable controversy of late concerning an "Unknown Life of Christ," which has been given to the

world by a Russian named Nicholas Notovitch. He claims to have discovered the manuscript from which his book is a translation, in a Buddhist monastery in Thibet.

Notovitch was injured while traveling, he says, and was taken to the convent, where he remained for many weeks. In a conversation with one of the priests, he heard of this prophet Issa, who is not known at all by the common people, but is worshiped by the priests as one of the forms in which Buddha has appeared to men. Notovitch was allowed to translate the narrative of Issa's life from old rolls of parchment.

It is the story of Christ with some differences. In this narrative, Issa, at the age of thirteen, secretly joined merchants and went to India, where he was instructed in the laws of Buddha, and where he was chosen to speak the words of the prophet. He made enemies in India, and journeyed back to Israel, preaching, and was finally put to death. The story is very ingeniously carried out, but is probably the work of a man who has used this way to link together the two spiritual religions, and to explain the similarity between some of the legends of Buddhism and Christianity. Men who are acquainted with Thibet deny that a Russian has ever sojourned in the monasteries.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN AUTHOR.

"ROLF BOLDERWOOD," the Australian who shares with "Tasma" the honors of popularity as a delineator of life in that new country, is a police magistrate, who was thirty seven before he thought of writing. Then an English magazine accepted two of his sketches. He found that his invention grew with use, and he began pouring out novels and stories. He says that he often sat down in a public house, with bush-whackers drinking and talking about him, and wrote his most thrilling stories. It was like an artist having an out of door studio. He would paint his characters from life, and sometimes the narration of their woes as he put them on paper would make the tears race down his own cheeks. He has settled down now to writing one book a year.

#### TURGENEV AND TOLSTOI.

ONE of Turgenev's old friends in Paris has unearthed a letter from him, written after the publication of Tolstoi's "Peace and War." We may almost consider Tolstoi as a dead novelist nowadays, for where he was once the foremost author of fiction in Russia, he has become, by a distortion of the brain, a writer of the stupidest and silliest tracts.

Turgenev says of "Peace and War": "There are dozens of pages in it which are absolutely first class; but its historic part, which especially pleases the public, is a boyish comedy, and may be called charlatanry. As to the psychology, there is not one character realistically developed. Nevertheless, there are in this novel pages which no other author could have written."

Turgenev himself was so careful that his characters should be "realistically developed," that he often wrote two or three books, bringing them out, in a manner, before he put them into the place where they were to assist in the working out of other destinies. He belonged to the careful school of Flaubert, whose friend he was. France, which has had no dearth of good novelists for generations, owes much to the influence of Flaubert. The apprenticeship under him made Maupassant, and helped to create Daudet and Zola, as well as Bourget.

#### "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

PUBLISHERS are usually considered as soulless, but that they have sentiment and memories is shown in a new book of poems.

One of the first things the young firm of Stone and Kimball did, after going into business, was to ask that they might collect into book form, and bind and illustrate according to their fancy, the poems by Tom Hall, which had delighted them individually in the passing periodicals. They made selections from this magazine, *Life*, and some others, and have put out a volume containing them called "When Hearts are Trumps." The verse is light and gay, with a spice of audacity, and an originality which distinguishes it from most society verse.

Mr. Hall is a graduate of West Point and an ex army officer, though still young enough to be beginning a career. He was sent from the Point to the deserts of Arizona, and his first work consisted of humorous descriptions of Tombstone "society" for *Life*. He enlivened long marches after Indians by the creation of a gay world in his imagination. Fragments of his fancies finding their way into print, he was encouraged to leave the army and take up literature. Mr. Munsey was then publishing *Munsey's Weekly*, the predecessor of this magazine, and recognizing the peculiar talent of the new verse maker, he brought Mr. Hall to New York on the staff of the *Weekly*.

#### "THE SILVER CHRIST."

THE Messrs. Macmillan have brought out a new book by Ouida. It is made of two short stories—"The Silver Christ" and "A

Lemon Tree"—neither of which come up to Ouida's old manner. She evidently has had to take advice from publishers, even if she scorns the public, and has learned that the vogue of her particular sort of mild wickedness has gone by, for these new stories are an attempt at delineating the pathos which she showed herself capable of handling with a gentle, firm touch in some of her earlier books.

A recent writer, who is a day after the fair, describes her as living lavishly at her home in Florence, using perfumes at thirty dollars an ounce, and wearing priceless laces and sables, when she isn't lying on Persian rugs, or visiting her private chapel. All of these appurtenances have been sold for debt, and Ouida at fifty four is reaping in poverty what she sowed in reckless waste of her magnificent talent. She used it to gild mud, and there is nothing left in her hands. When, as in "The Silver Christ," she attempts a serious story, she lets the taint creep in sufficiently to leave a bad taste in the mouth.

#### "LOURDES."

In an interview, M. Zola has given some of his own ideas concerning his latest novel, "Lourdes." The book was forced into its three hundredth thousand before the first copy had left the binders. Of all its readers it would be of interest to know how many listen to the author's interpretation of his work, how many understand the purpose underlying all the work of this philosopher and student, and how many read his books for the realistic pictures he gives of certain phases of contemporary life.

In 1891 M. Zola was traveling with his wife in the Pyrenees. He stopped for a day in Lourdes, that little village where a peasant girl named Bernadette declared she had had an interview with the Virgin. Thousands of people were flocking there, and thousands had declared themselves cured by miraculous means.

"This return to the faith of the twelfth century," Zola says, "is enough, at first sight, to astonish the thinker. At bottom it is nothing more than the product of our social movement, born directly of moral and physical wretchedness, the derangement of heads and hearts."

He went back to Lourdes to study this curious phase of feeling, this place where poor stricken humanity, finding no relief in science, has in despair flown to a blind faith. But he sees, and has attempted to teach in his book, that Lourdes is but an accident, a hallucination. He shows, in his

very depiction of these miserable people, the real march of the world. History has ever moved upward toward the light of science. The Catholic church tolerates such a manifestation with that insight, that wisdom, which has ever made that communion the greatest organization the world has seen. Even in doing so, its purpose is to bring the whole body of Roman Catholics, as a church, into step with science and modern thought.

No man has ever seen life as a whole more clearly than Zola. He takes the broad field of humanity and judges of the average, never being misled by a narrow horizon.

#### DUMAS' BEGINNINGS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "Dame Aux Camélias" was the work of a reporter, and grew out of a reporter's experience. We are in the habit of thinking of its author as the son of a famous novelist, who not only inherited his father's talent, but came to find the literary way a royal road. The son of the writer of "The Three Musketeers" was not likely to have to hawk his wares. But the young Alexandre was born in a garret when his father was only twenty years old, and while he was still an infant he and his mother were deserted and left to struggle alone. It was not until he was grown that father and son were reconciled.

When he was seventeen Dumas wrote a book of poetry bearing the extremely callow title "Youthful Sins." Then he became a reporter, bringing in "stories" of Parisian life. In one of these excursions he met a woman named Marie Duplessis. She interested him, and he determined to make her interesting to other people. He shut himself up in a little room in an inn, and finished the book in three weeks. He had idealized a disease, but made a book so touching in its human interest that it is practically immortal. No one appreciated it more than Dumas the elder, and its publication was the beginning of that close relation between the father and son which even death does not seem to have ended.

Alexandre Dumas is now seventy years old, and in a preface to the recent edition of "The Three Musketeers" he wrote to his father's spirit:

"Wherever thou mayst be, my words will reach thee; for the last twenty three years in which we have been separated, no day has gone by on which I did not think of thee, my best friend; and if even the impossible had happened, and I had been able to forget thee, a thousand voices would have recalled thee daily to my memory."

## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

### IS THE LITERARY FIELD EXHAUSTED?

M. ZOLA's recent dictum that "literature is today a closed career" has attracted attention and aroused discussion far beyond the limits of the professional literary class. Universal education, which has so multiplied our writers, has made every intelligent adult a reader, more or less interested in the problems and prospects of the world of the pen.

Three are no more new stories to be told, M. Zola says; "the ground has been ploughed over and over again in every direction" until "success has become almost impossible." Such an opinion is not new. It has been expressed before by Mr. Howells and other writers of eminence. With all due respect to such distinguished authorities, however, we do not believe that because a vast number of books have been written already, good ones will not be written in the future. The realm of imagination is boundless. The combinations of human life—fiction's true field—are infinite. Each observer sees them from his individual view point, and through a glass tinted by his individual temperament. Even if many of his elements are old—the old ones that need never lose their charm, that may ever be made new in skilful hands—there is no reason why the writer of today or of tomorrow should not set before us a picture that is new in composition, treatment, and meaning.

Let the novelist give full play to his individualism; that is the solution of the matter. Not a few young writers think it necessary to mold their style upon some classical model. They should recognize that a following of the work of others is a valuable part of their apprenticeship, but a shackling fetter to the free play of their developed powers. Let them speak with their own voice, in their own key; if they have anything to tell the world, a new note will catch its ear better than an echo.

Again, aspirants to fame in literature sometimes think that to achieve their purpose they must abandon the known region, and strike off into some distant tract that no other pen has explored. As Zola puts it they "try to be original, and writhe in order to succeed." They think that Kipling and Haggard made their hits simply because the setting of their stories was geo-

graphically novel. They construct tales of Kamtchatka or Patagonia, or plots that turn upon some "newsy" phase of physical or mental science. They leave the rich, productive soil of human interest, and in a vain and misguided search for originality stray into some barren corner of the literary field. In a word, they "writhe."

When the novelist sits down to write, he should not be afraid to say this or that because he fears it may have been said before. Let him tell the story that is in him, and tell it in his own way. If he has the true spark of genius—and genius never wholly dies out of the world—the result will be good and will be original.

### CLOSING IN UPON THE BACILLUS.

"THERE is no specific remedy for the cure of consumption," said all the doctors and medical books until recent times. This most destructive of all the diseases that afflict humanity was universally regarded as being beyond the reach of medical science.

But nowadays the eye of medical science is growing marvelously quick to see her most insidious foes, and her arm is waxing long and strong to grasp them. She has clutched and throttled one of them after another, and her fingers are surely closing in upon consumption, perhaps the most formidable of them all.

It is less than thirty years since the Frenchman Villemin took the first step by discovering that tuberculosis could be communicated by inoculation from one animal to another, or from man to an animal. Then came the development of bacteriology, which opened up a whole new world to medicine, and gave us a truer theory of most of the diseases to which flesh is heir. It has showed us specific remedies, or better systems of treatment, for a long list of them, from hydrophobia to diphtheria.

In the case of consumption we have found out exactly what we have to fight, and that is half the battle. We have identified and labeled the microscopic organism that is its operant cause. Portraits of the *bacillus tuberculosis* are to be found in any recent cyclopedia. What we need is something that will drive this highly objectionable animalcule from the human system. We need that something badly, and when humanity needs a thing badly, its need is almost sure to be supplied before long.



Dr. Robert Koch thought he had found the hoped for remedy some three or four years ago; but his announcement proved premature, and the bright hopes excited by his magic "lymph" have faded away and been forgotten. But our friend the bacillus should not feel too secure. He escaped Koch once, but the Berlin doctor is still camping upon his trail, and so are other eager investigators.

The problem will be solved some day, and its solver will be hailed as one of the great benefactors of the race.

#### WOMEN IN ATHLETICS.

A GENERATION or two ago the American girl was commonly contrasted with her English sister as being a pale, fragile, hot house creature, reared indoors, and caring little for fresh air and exercise, much less for hardy athletic sports. If such a picture ever was true, it has been utterly falsified in recent years. All over the country American girls have taken up a wide variety of outdoor pastimes. They have done so with great persistence, skill, and success, with marked benefit to themselves, and with decided advantage to those branches of sport into which they have made an entrance.

"The racket is far more common nowadays," one observer remarks, "than the sunshade in the hands of the American girl." Tennis is a game she has made to a very great extent her own. In golf, the latest fad of society, she participates with credit. As for the more democratic and wide spread sport of cycling, its extension among women has of late been more conspicuous, if not actually greater, than among men. The so called rational costumes, which some feminine riders adopt and others denounce, have become familiar sights upon city streets and country roads. It is estimated that there are today more than thirty thousand American women who are active cyclers.

Boat sailing is another domain into which the fair sex has made a successful incursion. Some of the races for catboats sailed by feminine skippers, held this year at Newport and elsewhere, were remarkable for the display of seamanship—or should we say scawomanship?—that they developed. Women have even taken to canoe sailing, a task which men have always found more or less difficult and risky.

The development of athleticism among women seems to become more and more marked. Is it a chapter in the story of the evolution which, as some observers have told us, is making the American woman a

finer being than the American man? Will it continue until the sex hitherto called the weaker shall wrest from the male brow its laurels of athletic championship, and triumphantly confute the anti-suffragist's argument that there is no force behind women's votes?

#### LANDLORDISM IN AMERICA.

FOURTH of July orators have often danted upon the comparative rarity of great landed estates in this country, and the wide diffusion of the ownership of the soil, as being an important source of strength to our social and political fabric. If they are correct, then a recently issued census report comes as a rather unpleasant revelation.

Ten or fifteen years ago it was true to say that most American families owned their own dwellings; today it is no longer so. The drift is rapidly setting away from individual ownership, and toward the landlord and tenant system which prevails in England and most of the older countries.

In 1880, of all the farms in the United States, three quarters were tilled by their owners; in 1890, only two thirds. The proportion of hired farms had in ten years risen from 25 to nearly 34 per cent. At this rate, in twelve or fifteen years the tenant farmers will outnumber those who own their homesteads.

In our cities, the comparative number of home owners is much smaller; and it is smallest in the largest and most developed urban communities. In New York, landlordism is almost universal, only six per cent of the resident families being proprietors of their dwellings. In Boston, the percentage of tenant families is 82; in Brooklyn, 81; Philadelphia, 77; Baltimore, 74; Washington, 75. In Western cities the figures are very similar, Chicago showing 71 per cent who rent their homes; St. Louis, 80; Minneapolis, 69; and San Francisco, 69.

For the whole country the 1890 census shows that of nearly thirteen million families a little less than 48 per cent own their homes or farms. More than half are tenants.

The industrial tendency of the day is toward concentration, and it looks as if the same forces were at work in the movement of land ownership. Especially in the cities is the drift toward such aggregations of property as the Astor estate in New York. In these cases, at least, it seems as if the landlord and tenant system were proving itself the more economical, the better in line with the demands of the times. Is its spread wholly a matter to be regretted?



## THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

### THE RECORD OF A YEAR;

OR,

### PROPHECY VS. HISTORY.

ONE year ago the management of this magazine became the subject of somewhat wide discussion; the object, indeed, of ridicule, by the "wise." The occasion of this discussion, this ridicule, was the announcement, more or less forcefully stated, that as good a magazine as had ever been made could be made and published profitably at ten cents a copy or one dollar a year, and that these were the figures at which MUNSEY'S would thereafter be sold. The move was so unprecedented; it involved such an overturning, such a breaking away from established prices, from hide bound conventionality, that these wise ones whose imagination never swings loose, shrugged their shoulders with a contemptuous smile for the quixotic management that should undertake anything so supremely ridiculous. But this was not all. It was indeed mild as compared with the feeling produced by the statement following the announcement of the new price, that MUNSEY'S had broken away from the established channels of distribution and would thenceforth deal direct with the retailer. This meant in a word that the management of MUNSEY'S had the audacity to cross swords with the American News Company, with its thirty two powerful branches and millions of capital—a company so big, so strong, so absolute that it had hitherto controlled the entire periodical business of the country. It was this audacity more even than the alarming cut in price that caused all publishers, all advertisers, the trade generally, and the public itself to a considerable extent, to regard the step as preposterous in the extreme—boldness without judgment; assurance unequalled.

THIS WAS PROPHECY; HERE IS HISTORY:

We opened the fall campaign last year with an edition of **20,000** for October. We open the fall campaign this year with an edition of **275,000** for October, thus making a net gain for the year of **255,000**. An increase of over a quarter of a million in the circulation of a magazine in a single

year is without precedent in the whole history of publishing. Feeble as MUNSEY'S was a year ago in point of circulation, it is today preëminently at the head of all magazine circulations, either in the old world or the new. And this marvelous record depends upon no schemes, no prizes, no chromos—none of the clap trap of a too common sort of present day journalism—but wholly upon the merits of the magazine itself, a straightforward business policy, and a right price. The average gain for twelve consecutive months, summer and all, is **21,250** copies per month. THIS IS HISTORY.

### THE BIG FOUR.

A YEAR ago, when MUNSEY'S in point of circulation was hardly worth mentioning, there were four magazines before the American public which were often spoken of as the "big four." They were *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and *The Cosmopolitan*. These were then the large circulation magazines—the leaders; hence the term "the big four." Today, a lapse of a single twelvemonth, and MUNSEY'S has so far outstripped these giants, these old time favorites, that its circulation is very nearly, if not quite, equal to the combined circulation—the net sale—of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century*; or by another measurement it is equal to—perhaps exceeds—the combined sale of *The Cosmopolitan* and *The Century*, and approaches close to the combined sale of *The Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*.

A thing is big or little as it is compared with something else. These comparisons will help you to a better appreciation of the circulation of MUNSEY'S—help you to a better realization of the tremendous growth in a single year.

Verily MUNSEY'S is a magazine for the people, and at the people's price.

### A TRIFLE AMBITIOUS, PERHAPS.

WE want to reach the half million point this winter, and why not? We have got more than half way there, and now we have the momentum; we have the people

*IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

with us. The work of the first year has been accomplished without any of these advantages. Indeed, it has been accomplished under the most stubborn disadvantages. Everything was against us; nothing was for us. We had no organization for handling our editions direct with the retailer; we were not in touch with the retailer. We were scarcely known to the magazine readers of the country.

Now all this is changed. The hard work of last year will help us this year, and the hard work of this year will help us this year. A half million circulation may seem a trifle ambitious, but that is what we want; that is what we shall try to get, and with a better magazine—a constantly improving magazine and a perfected organization to help us, we cannot regard ourselves as unwarrantedly ambitious.

#### HOLDING TO OUR LINES.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a year ago was a theory; today it is a fact. Then it was a hopeless experiment in the eyes of the world, but in the eyes of faith it was all that it is today in reality. The lines laid down for the making of the magazine have been held to strictly, even as the plans for its business management have been followed strictly. There has been little or no deviation in either branch; there will be little or no deviation during the coming year in either branch. We stated a year ago, and have several times since repeated the statement, that our aim was to make each number better than the one that preceded it. This is still our aim, and as MUNSEY'S has shown a constant improvement throughout the last twelve issues so we shall show a constant improvement throughout the coming twelve issues, and beyond these as well.

Perhaps it would not be inopportune to reprint what we said last October on the subject of magazine making:

We believe that the time has come when it is well to throw conservatism and conventionality to the winds, and to open our eyes and learn a thing or two about publishing from the great daily journals with their marvelous Sunday issues. They are the keenest observers and best typify public taste. But rapid printing necessarily limits their scope in the matter of illustration. It is in this interest that the magazine of today, the magazine of the future, has its field—has in fact practically its only excuse for living.

An extensively and handsomely illustrated

monthly, supplemented by reading of strong human interest and plenty of it—reading as clever, as timely, as juicy as the best work in the metropolitan dailies—such a magazine if sold at a rational price will have its place and hold it—a great big place—a place that will mean a million readers to the publication that outranks all others on these lines. This is our conception of the *fin de siècle* magazine; this is what MUNSEY'S will be if energy on our part, and the best efforts of the clever young men and the bright young women about us, can reach our ideal.

An examination of the work of the year will show a close following of these lines, and a steady advance in the quality of the magazine. The literary standard is higher, the interest of the stories keener, and the art finer and much greater in quantity. For instance, in the September issue of last year we printed 457 square inches of illustrations. In October, 702. In October this year, the present issue, 1,365 inches—more, far more than is printed by any other magazine, whatever its selling price may be.

#### HAVE YOU BOYS AND GIRLS?

If you have boys and girls in your family—and it is to be hoped you have—if so, you should make their hearts glad by putting into their hands a copy of THE ARGOSY, our famous juvenile magazine—a magazine the same size as MUNSEY'S, and the monarch of all juvenile publications; a magazine handsome, clean, interesting; a magazine with a wealth of stories of the highest grade—stories that will interest you as well as your children. Subscription price, one dollar a year. Single copies, ten cents—sample copies, ten cents.

#### IS YOUR FILE COMPLETE?

HAVE you a complete file of MUNSEY'S for the year just ended? If not, you should not delay in getting the back numbers until it is too late. A missing number spoils a volume. Complete volumes can be bound, and are then worth more than they have cost you.

Single numbers as far back as October, 1893, can be had, if ordered now, at ten cents per copy. They can be obtained through your news dealer or direct from the publishers. Before last October the magazine can be had only in bound form, and the supply of Volumes VIII and IX is very nearly exhausted. See the bound volume advertisement in front of this issue.

**DON'T FORGET THIS.**—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five subscriptions, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.





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"At the Fountain."

*From the painting by J. W. Godward—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*